THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR,
OF THE
TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.
For AUGUST, 1802.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving from a Drawing by Clifton Tomson, of AN ECLIPSE MARE. SISTER TO SOLDIER and a spirited Etching of RABBITS AND TERRIER, by Mr. Howitt.]

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL Sketches of the late Lord Grosvenor; Mr. Angelo, the Fencing Master; and of Mr. John Casson, of Egremont; shall appear in our next. Likewise the Trial of Robert Davy, at the last Chelmsford Assizes, for shooting at Mrs. Chiswell's game-keeper.

FILLE DE CHAMBRE; FRANK WHIMSEY; and the Letter of Mr. J. TRAVERS, on the abuses of Mail Coach Drivers, shall also appear in our next.

The Letter, signed SPORTING LIBERTY, and other favours, are under consideration.

A Correspondent, fond of Horse-racing, when conducted properly, would be happy to see the following regulations, strictly observed at all future races. They were printed for the Canterbury Races this year.

"Certificates of the horse's age, and receipts for the duty required for such horses having been paid, to be produced to the Clerk of the Course at the time of entering.

"For the greater certainty of distinguishing the horses, and to prevent disputes, each rider is desired to declare, at the time of entering, the colour he will ride in, that they may be inserted in the printed papers. And it is hoped that the noblemen and gentlemen will give directions to the riders, to observe this regulation; and any jockey riding in any other colour than that he has so mentioned, without previously declaring it at both the stands on the race ground, shall forfeit ten shillings and six-pence, and on default of paying the said forfeit of ten shillings and six-pence to the Clerk of the Course, when demanded, such jockey shall be excluded from riding for any of the plates.

"It is particularly requested, that all persons stand without the lines during the time of running. The men who are employed as whippers, have particular directions to see this request complied with, in order to prevent any accident from happening. Persons obstructing the whippers-in doing their duty, will be prosecuted."

C. Tomson, of Nottingham pinx^t.

Eclipse Mare, Sister to Soldier.

Pub. Sep. 1, 1822, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR AUGUST, 1802.

The Portrait of an Eclipse Mare, SISTER TO SOLDIER,

From a Painting, by Clifton Tomson, *of Nottingham.*

SHE was bred by Mr. O'Kelly, foaled in 1775; her dam, Miss Spindleshanks, by Omer, Starling, Godolphin Arabian, Stanyer's Arabian, Pelham Barb, Spot, White-legged Lowther Barb, Vintner Mare.

In 1783, she produced a br. f. by Mentor.

In 1786, br. f. Brown Charlotte.

In 1787, a b. f. Adeline, by Highflyer.

In 1788, br. f. by Adamant

In 1789, a b. c. St. George, by Highflyer.

In 1791, ch. f. by Sir H. Harper's Herod.

In 1792, b. f. Queen Charlotte, by Highflyer.

In 1793, ch. c. King George, by Dungannon.

In 1794, ch. c. Commodore, by Volunteer.

In 1795, b. c. by Escape.

In 1796, br. f. by Sir Peter Teazle.

In 1797, ch. f. by Dragon.

In 1798, br. c. by Dragon.

The produce of 1795 was sold to America, and died at landing.—The Portrait represents her with a filly foal at her feet, by Moorcock, 1802.—In all her produce down to 1798, she was the property of William Horrick, Esq. of Beau Manor, near Loughborough, Leicestershire. From that time she has been the property of Hart Sitwell, Esq.

The Effeminate Sportsman.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE effeminate Sportsman, though apparently of the masculine gender, is rather a non-descript than of any distinguished construction; he is one of those superficial shades (in the picture of life), which seem calculated only to give force, by contrast, to such brilliant lights, as tend to constitute striking objects of magnificence, splendor, and admiration. He is in person one of those animated frivolities destined to bear no weight in the scale of society; his

his intellectual powers, and the attractor *suavitor in mōdo* of his exteriors, are evidently calculated to enhance the nothingness of his estimation. Parrot-like, "speaking an infinite deal of nothing," it is with much difficulty hearers are to be obtained; when so, "one to another still succeeds, and the last is as welcome as the former." Without the least knowledge of a horse, or ear for a hound, he commences sportsman, not from the least taste, or the most distant attachment to the sport, or the hospitality every hearty fellow of that description instinctively possesses, but that it is a something superior to the narrowness of his own soul. There is, he observes, about the sportsman, an indescribable ease, an openness of heart, an attracting *tout en semble*, to which all hearts are open, to which all minds are subdued, but which (surprising even to himself) he can never attain. In this eternal and fruitless pursuit, aspiring to a character it is not in the volume of prophetic prediction he should ever equal, he is in no dissimilar situation to poor *Scrub* in the *Beaux Stratagem*, when, in his description of Archer to the ladies, he tells them with both concern and regret, (not knowing how to describe him more accurately for their comprehension) that "the gentleman's gentleman is quite another *sort of a thing* to what *he is*." So is it with the effeminate sportsman; no habiliments he can procure, no ornaments he can obtain, ever give him the look, the weight, the substance of the natural and unadorned sportsman, whom it is his utmost pride, his eternal desire to imitate. *Outré* and ridiculous in one attempt, the unnatural effort is so truly infectious, that it renders him equally so in the whole; impressed beyond every other idea with the sporting miasma, he is totally lost to the bewitching charms and abortive influence of the feminine family branches by whom he is surrounded; his very moment is dedicated to the rhapsodical anticipation of external brilliancy, by individual eccentricity; the curricle, the gig, the sulky, the tandem, the tridem, or the *indefinitum* in summer; the horse and the hounds in the winter, constitute the aggregate of his knowledge, the extent of his sublimity. These are, however, not the genuine produce of the soil, they are the fancied effusions or deceptive traits of attraction, produced by the vitiated effect of fashion, and may not be inapplicably compared to the bark of the native hardy oak, engrafted upon its own polypus. Here then it appears, his attachment to sports, and the sporting world, is merely superficial, not a single ray of his heart points to a particle of the pleasure it almost universally disseminates; but that the character of sportsman he wishes to assume, is merely as a political passport to the good opinion of the ladies, by whom he feels himself considered a *lusus naturæ*, too cold in nature for the genial warmth of their embraces, so condescendingly, so chearfully, and so congenially bestowed upon the unsophisticated sportsman, who "unadorned, is then adorned the most." Considering this assumption of character necessary to the completion of his predominant idea, he talks of little else than his eternal preparation for the road or chase, where the superiority is to constitute the first step to the general gratification of happiness in this life. "He would sacrifice his whole soul to the service of the ladies, but he is engaged to take a drive with his friend Tommy Tiddle, to whom he has promised punctuality, and punctuality is what he always punctually performs."

At

At the commencement of the hunting season, he constantly bores all his hearers with the expectation of a day's sport with the hounds a week before it arrives, and sickens them with a recital for a fortnight after it is over. Lest I should grow too tedious in description, or obtrude too much upon the room you so condescendingly bestow, I shall beg to delay, till the commencement of the hunting season, his conduct in the chase. Your's, &c.

August 18, 1802. T. W.

BOXING MATCH,

Near Tyburn Turnpike, August 20, 1802.

BERKS and Belcher, according to the newspapers, had never seen each other since their proposed match in Yorkshire, till Thursday the 19th instant, when they met by mere accident at Camberwell Fair, when Berks was observed entertaining a number of hearers with the manner in which he would *serve it out* to Belcher the first time he met with him. But though this seemed to happen unexpectedly, after some words exchanged very civilly, Belcher expressed his regret that Berks should have boasted in all companies of his superior prowess, and that he could beat Belcher with ease; that Belcher was afraid to fight him, &c. &c. Berks did not deny the charge. The consequence was, they agreed to fight immediately; and, it is said, Berks attacked Belcher before he could get his shirt off. The combatants adjourned from the Tea Room to the Bowling Green belonging to the house where they met. Belcher, on his approaching Berks, knocked out one of his front teeth, and gave him so severe a blow under his ear, as brought him to the ground. Berks not being quite sober, nor Belcher altogether well, their friends agreed they should meet next day in Oxendon-street, Leicester-fields, which they accordingly did, and, after some negociation respecting the order of proceeding, they each went into separate hackney-coaches, accompanied by their friends; viz.

Belcher—Joe Ward, Second; Gibbons, Bottle-holder.

Berks—Owen (the Oilman) Second; Yokel (a Jew) Bottle-holder.

An immense crowd followed to a field, the scene of action; viz. the first open space through Tyburn turnpike, on the Uxbridge road, behind St. George's Chapel, or St. George's Row, which faces Hyde Park. The parties arrived there about one o'clock, and there being no time to erect a stage, a most extensive ring was formed: the persons in the inner circle almost laying down, the second circle sitting, the third circle on their knees, and outside of them the others standing, till those on the very outside, who could not measure five feet ten, were glad of an occasional peep, by jumping up, aided by leaning on others shoulders.

The notice was so short that the gentlemen amateurs were not very numerous, though we could distinguish about a dozen; among whom were, Mr. Fletcher Read, Mr. Crook, &c. Mr. Fletcher Read is Belcher's particular friend, and backed him deeply on the first fight that should take place between Belcher and Berks, which was to have been fought in Yorkshire. When stripped and ready, Berks came up to Mr. Fletcher Read, and asked "Whether it should be a fair stand-up fight?" "Certainly," said Mr. Read, "in any way whatever." Mr. F. Read then called up Belcher, and acquainted him with what Berks had asked. Belcher said also, "Certainly, he could do no otherwise." Berks then requested

quested that the pauses between each round, might be three-quarters of a minute. To this Belcher's friends objected, and insisted on the regularly established time of half a minute.

After walking in the ring about three minutes, the combatants stripped, and having gone through the usual ceremony of crossing and shaking hands, they set to soon after one o'clock.

First Round.—Berks ran in upon Belcher. It was evidently his hope to gain the battle by superior strength. Berks closed upon Belcher, and tried to throw him; but Belcher threw Berks. Some blows were struck, but no blood drawn.

Second Round.—Berks ran in upon Belcher, hoping to crush him by superior strength. Belcher put in a smart blow on his adversary's throat, and drew the first blood. They closed, and Belcher again threw Berks.

Third Round.—Berks again ran in upon Belcher with great spirit, and in doing so, planted a sharp blow on the right cheek bone, with his left hand: he next put in a very severe blow between the left breast and the shoulder, which, if it had been placed lower, might, from its force, have been most important. He was aiming another blow with his left hand, when Belcher rallied, struck a severe blow, closed, and brought Berks to the ground.

Fourth Round.—Berks rushed upon Belcher, missed his blow, and fell upon his knee. Some persons groaned, called out Berks was at his old tricks, and supposed him shifting, as he fell without a blow; which, if done intentionally, we believe would have been contrary to the conditions of the fight; but Berks's previous and subsequent conduct shewed, that such a charge was unfounded, as he fought really with a steady spirit, and seemed to do his best.

Fifth Round.—Berks ran in with great force, caught Belcher by the hams, doubled him up, and threw him in the stile of a cross buttock: Belcher pitched on his head with such force, it was feared his neck was broken; a cry of "*Foul! foul!*" ran round: but Belcher rose as sprightly as ever, said he was not hurt, and in answer to the cries of *foul!* said, "No, never mind."

Sixth Round.—This and the tenth round were the most severe and decisive: Berks rushed in as usual. Sharp blows were struck on both sides.—Belcher put in a severe blow on the side of Berks' head, another on the side of the neck, a third on the throat, very severe: they closed, struggled, changed legs, each displayed his utmost skill and strength in wrestling; at last they both fell together alongside of each other, neither being uppermost, or able to claim, or really possessing the advantage in the fall.

Seventh Round.—Berks was less gay, less eager. His strength manifestly began to fail him; but he did not shew less spirit when put to the test. They closed, and Belcher threw Berks.

Eighth Round.—Berks began to stand on the defensive. At that he had no chance. Belcher struck some sharp blows, and this round ended nearly the same as the former.

Ninth Round.—Bets, which were offering for the first five rounds of ten to five, and afterwards of five to one upon Belcher, were now offering of twenty to one in his favour. Belcher did not seem exhausted: he in this, and every other round, while the parties were squaring, continued nodding and talking to Berks, striking, at the same time, the most sudden, unexpected,

pected, and severe blows. This round ended like the former.

Tenth Round.—This was the most severe and decisive. Berks set to with spirit, and came up the first to close quarters; Belcher struck very sharp; cut Berks under the left eye; then under the right; next planted a blow between the throat and the chin, so severe, that it lifted Berks off his feet, and his head was the first part of him that came to the ground. Belcher seemed to fall after his blow; they both lay on the ground together; the blood gushed up Berks throat; collected fully in his mouth, he spirted it over Belcher, who was laying by him. Belcher did not *relish it*, and swore he would pay him for it the next round. Berks said he did not do it designedly.

Eleventh Round.—It was evident Berks was beaten. His face was one mass of blood. Still he shewed fight: some blows were exchanged, when they closed, and Belcher threw Berks; but Belcher fell on his hands, manifestly not wishing to hurt Berks more, as he might have fallen upon him with all his weight, and given him a severe bruise thereby, as is customary, and deemed fair in fighting.

Twelfth Round.—Berks shewed symptoms of weakness, sitting on the ground, and having more assistance from his second than before. The result was the same as in the former round.

Thirteenth Round.—Berks still came up. Belcher struck him five or six severe blows, and closed and threw him. Berks was heard to express a wish to give in; but his second, wishing him to persevere, put a handkerchief in his mouth to stifle his utterance.

Fourteenth Round.—Much the same. Berks shewed spirit; but his strength was gone, and he could only stand up to be beaten. It was evident he had no chance of success, either now or at any other time during the battle—After some sharp blows, Belcher closed, and again threw Berks upon his chest, where he lay about three seconds, and then gave in He was twice or thrice distinctly asked by Belcher's second if he *gave in*, and he as distinctly answered *yes*.—Indeed the poor man could scarcely see or stand, being much beaten about the body, and cut in the face so dreadfully, that it was almost impossible to distinguish a feature. He was put into a coach, and conveyed to a house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square, and heard to groan very much on the way; and indeed if he had not survived so many severe beatings, we should fear that this would be his last. Belcher, on the contrary, did not appear to have a single mark in his face, or upon his body, except a bruise on the left cheek bone, and another on the breast, towards the shoulder. Immediately upon his being declared victor, he leaped up three times near three feet from the ground, to shew that he had not suffered from the fight. After walking three times round the field, he left the ground on foot, his particular friends accompanying him until they reached the road, where they took a coach to avoid the crowd. With respect to the amount of the bets, a great deal of money was offered upon the ground; but public opinion was so decidedly in favour of Belcher, few were tempted, by any odds, to back Berks.—A great deal of money, however, was depending, as the fight is considered decisive of all the bets made in Yorkshire, at the time the parties were to have fought there.

The style of fighting was much the same, as in the first fight between the parties; Berks, conceiving

ceiving himself the strongest man, endeavoured to avail himself of his superiority, by running in upon his adversary. Belcher, on the other hand, though he shewed no inferiority, when opposed body to body in close contest with his antagonist, never closed but when he could not avoid it, and preferred that distance at which he could best avail himself of his science and peculiar powers. These consist principally in a most extraordinary quickness.

Mr. Read, and some other amateurs, subscribed thirty guineas for the winner, and five guineas for the loser of the battle.

Notwithstanding Belcher's advantage, he confessed, after the fight, he never had such an *ugly customer* as Berks in his life.

York Races,

As announced in the York Herald, Saturday, August 21, 1802.

OUR Races, which commence this day with the York Oatlands, are likely to afford much good sport. Upwards of fifty horses are now arrived. A number of families and persons of distinction, have already come to York, and many more are expected. —The racing ground is in the very best condition, and the weather has a favourable appearance.

At the theatre this evening, we are to be captivated with the admirable acting of Miss De Camp from the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane—next week with the sweet and manly voice of Incledon, and the humourous representations of Blanchard, a native of this city, now of Covent-Garden. Indeed, what with races, plays, assemblies, balls, &c. and the number of visitors, this meeting has every appearance of being the most gay, fashionable, and agreeable, that has taken place at York for a number of years.

The following is a list, as far as we have been able to collect, of the families, &c. already come, or who intend honouring the meeting with their company.

Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Duke of Hamilton.

Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Earl and Countess of Carlisle, Earl and Countess of Darlington,

Lord George Henry Cavendish, Lord Milton, Lord and Lady Mexborough, Lord Milsington, Lord and Lady Harewood, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Dundas, Lord Strathmore, Lord Belhaven, Lord Say and Sele, Lord Sackville, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Marquis of Douglas.

The Hon. Lawrence, and the Hon. Mrs. Dundas; the Hon. Edward and Henry, and Hon. Mrs. Lascelles; the Hon. Lumley Savile, Hon. G. Germain.

Sir W. and Lady Milner, Sir T. Gascoigne, Sir C. and Lady Turner, Sir H. Williamson, Sir F. Standish, Sir W. Gerard, Sir R. Winn, Sir J. Lawson, Sir H. T. Vane, Sir M. M. and Lady Sykes, Sir G. Armitage, Sir J. Shelly.

General Staveley; Colonel Marriott, Col. Childers; Major Elley; Capt. Taylor, Capt. Craike, Capt. Lee, Capt. Toor, Capt. Musters, Capt. Wardell.

Messrs. Wentworth, Wilson, Baker, Sitwell, Dawson, C. Norton, Fawkes, Peirse, W. N. W. Hewett, Garforth, Brandling, W. Lee, Clifton, Slaydes, M. Dodsworth, Godfrey Wentworth, Clever, Gascoigne, Lees, Starkie, Lowther, Hamilton, Fox, Clough, Paris, Feachem, Walker, Bell, &c.

Rabbits and Terrier.

An Etching by Mr. Howitt.

TO FACE THIS PAGE.

Howitt in. et f.

Rabbits & Terrier.

Pub. Sep. 1 1802. by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.

ARABIAN HORSES, &c.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer, lately serving in Egypt, dated Lutmene, near Palmyra, Dec. 20, 1801.

MILITARY operations finished as I detailed to you in my last, from which time, taking advantage of the goodness of my friend, the General, I have made a long and fatiguing excursion into these countries, betwixt this place and the Tigris, to amuse myself with the manners of the people, to see the stupendous ruins still existing, and, above all, as a son of the turf, to buy a couple of real Arabian horses, no such animal, to my certain knowledge, ever having appeared in England; therefore what follows, as a brother jockey, is meant for our friend G.'s information and amusement.

The real Arabian breed of horses exists only on that tract of country and desert that runs from this place to Moussul and Bagdat, by the way of Aleppo; all to the South of that line are a small diminutive race, fourteen hands, or thereabouts, which, in fact, is a pony, and never can get a good stock; yet even these have been sent to England, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, but their get has never appeared on the turf. Mr. G. I know, remembers the horse that was offered for sale to the Prince of Wales, and Duke of Orleans, some years ago, and afterwards was sold by way of lottery as an Arab; no more an Arab than one of my cart horses, but of the Armenian breed. The Turkish horse has fewer good qualities, if possible, than the above.—— Though my brother Officers know that I am a good judge of horses; yet, in spite of my opinion, they have sent and carried home with them a number of the Cairan, or Egyptian breed. Entreat Mr. G. to examine them; they will answer this description—jolter-headed and fat cheeks, like an overfed ox; bull-necked, hollow-backed, falling croup, thick round legs, with a tendency to the mallanders; these may beget cart-horses, but never can a running horse. How beautiful the real Arabian! his mouth so small that a glass tumbler would serve him for a water-bucket; his nostrils large, and within a fine carnation colour; his cheek-bone flat, wide, and lean, all the veins visible; a large and brilliant eye, the ears close, and in motion erect; the head well set, on a small neck, the throat large, a rising wither, and the blade-bone of the shoulder so far back that it seems under the saddle; a broad chest, the legs perfectly strait and flat as my hand, a hard blue hoof, as hard as the stones he gallops over; the back flat and wonderfully short, croup in a line to the tail, which the Arab carries with more grace than our best necked horses; the ribs large and round, the feet wide behind, and the fore feet stand near together; his pedigree carefully preserved, and certified; his gentleness of temper and docility inimitable; and his blood, bone, wind, and bottom, not to be matched. Such is the real Arab. Has our friend G—— seen any of that sort? Such are the horses we must breed from. A Childers and Eclipse would not then be rare; and could an Arabian colt be sent to and trained in England, I am certain that Hambletonian and Diamond would appear in comparison slow horses.

No horse in England ever shewed speed, that was not of foreign blood;

blood, and the nearer the source the better. What, then, have we reason to hope from the stock itself?—a real Arabian colt! The difficulty that attends getting a horse of the first race is not to be imagined: the Arabs love their horses; and I affirm, not from hearsay, but what I have seen, often money will not purchase them. The King of Prussia sent an excellent judge to these parts to buy some horses; amongst others, the agent saw one during his excursions into the desert, the only country where the real Arab horse is bred; and those excursions are not only dangerous, but attended with great expence: I say, he saw one horse, which he determined to buy at any price. He increased his offer for the horse a thousand piastres (seventy-five pounds) each time. Having bid an immense price, the Arab turned round to his friends, saying, "If I stay a moment longer, this infidel will tempt me to sell my horse:" at the same time clapping spurs to him, he was out of sight in a moment, nor did the King's agent ever purchase him. I do assure you that I have not seen (because of their size) five horses from which I should wish to breed; so rare, even here, is the best race of Arab horses, which are commonly from fourteen three to fifteen hands.

The nation of the Arabs, called, by the ignorant, Turk men, have an excellent breed of horses, but too small; I have never seen one which exceeded fourteen two; and yet from these, inferior as they are to the Arab, our best horses in England have been bred; because, as that nation frequent much, in their peregrinations, the banks of the Orontes, which falls into the Sea from Antioch, they are more easily procured, and sent to Latachia, Smyrna, and other parts of the Mediterranean.

You will be surprized when I tell you a good horse (I mean always Arab) never was sent to Constantinople: the reason is evident. By us these Arabs are supposed to be the subjects of the Grand Seignior; but they are as independent of the Porte as are the people of Yorkshire; and, in fact, the Turks are poor, and cannot pay a high price. In proof of this, I know two horses; one was sold for sixteen thousand piastres (about twelve hundred pounds) and eight hundred pounds refused for the other; yet these prices were asked, paid, and refused, amongst the Arabians themselves.

It is not at all unusual with them, when they are induced to part with a fine horse, to require, besides a large sum, in camels, wheat, tents, &c. a considerable annuity, which is sometimes payable during the life of the seller, and sometimes during that of the horse; nay, there are even instances of Bashaws not being able to procure a favourite horse, but on condition of granting an annuity for ever to the family of the proprietor.

You thus see what difficulties I have to encounter to procure a couple of such horses as we want. My object is, one horse for a stallion, and a colt, not too old, for training. The horse will be of great and evident value, for his breed; the colt inappreciable, because, when trained, he must beat any horse that ever was foaled in England, being himself of the superior stock from whence our best horses have been bred."

On

On the Weather in England.

By JAMES CAPPER, Esq.

THIS attentive and ingenious observer of nature, begins his animadversions with a remark, that those who are furnished with proper instruments, and who carefully observe the information they afford, will not often be mistaken in their judgment of the changes of the weather. The barometer, the thermometer, the hygrometer, and the electrometer, will generally give us timely notice of any material changes in the state of the atmosphere. But before we consider the best, or at least the usual modes of employing these instruments, we will beg leave to mention some common remarks of the peasantry, whose professions requiring them to live much in the open air, their opinions merit very great attention, being the result of local observation, continued from father to son, and verified from the experience of many ages. Amongst the first of these is one, now established into a proverb, that a rainbow in the morning, is the shepherd's warning, but a rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

In a country with the sea, or ocean, to the west-ward, and the wind from the same quarter, this opinion is likely to be true. If, therefore, the clouds to the westward in the morning are saturated with moisture, which they must be to produce a rainbow, as these clouds proceed from the W. towards the E. they probably will produce rain; whereas, on the contrary, when the sun sets perfectly clear, and the clouds to the eastward are moist, it is a proof that the wet clouds are past, with a westerly wind, and the shepherd therefore may reasonably expect fine weather on the following day.

When it rains with an east wind, it probably will rain for twenty-four hours. This is another observation, which seems to me applicable to countries situated as above-mentioned, with land to the eastward; for, in general, the weather is dry in these countries with an east wind, but when the cohesion of the air and water is broken, the rain will not be violent, but of long duration.

The weather generally clears at noon; but when it rains at mid-day, it seldom clears up again till sun-set. The air, when dry and warm, continues to absorb and retain the moisture continually evaporated from the earth; as therefore the sun advances towards the meridian, and for an hour or two afterwards, dries and warms the air, consequently the rain is likely to cease at that time. But if there should be so much water in solution in the atmosphere, that the heat of the sun is not sufficient to produce these effects, in that case the rain will probably continue some hours longer.

Violent winds generally abate towards sun-set.

If we admit that wind is only a current of air put in motion by the rarefaction of the atmosphere in some particular place, and that this current of air is moving towards the point of rarefaction to restore the equilibrium, we must suppose, that as the sun declines the rarefaction will diminish, and consequently the velocity of the wind decrease. But this observation, in my opinion, rather applies to the temperature than to the torrid zone; for in whirlwinds and hurricanes the contrary may very often occur.

When

When the wind follows the course of the sun, it is generally attended with fair weather. This frequent and regular change of wind, which is never more than a moderate breeze, proves that there is no point of considerable rarefaction near, and therefore, the current of air follows immediately the sun's course: it always happens in summer, but very seldom when the sun's meridian altitude is less than forty degrees.

The changes which take place in the atmosphere are principally marked by the rising and falling of the barometer, which apparently is caused by heat and cold, the hands with which nature performs her meteorological operations: by the former the atmosphere is rarefied, and consequently becomes light; by the latter it is condensed, and consequently becomes heavy. Hence probably the old remark, that a storm generally follows a calm; for during a calm the air is rarefied and expanded, and the cold air will rush forward in a strong current to restore the equilibrium, and necessarily produce what is generally called a gale of wind, the violence of which also will, of course, be in proportion to the degree of its preceding rarefaction.

For these reasons, the barometer falls suddenly whilst the air is expanded before a gale of wind, and rises again gradually as the condensed air returns, and the gale in like manner by degrees subsides.

It must, however, be observed, that an extraordinary fall of the mercury will sometimes take place in summer, previous to heavy showers of rain, particularly if attended with thunder and lightning; but in spring, autumn, and winter, the sudden extraordinary descent of the barometer indicates principally violent wind.

Upon these principles, likewise, we may account for the rise and fall of the barometer in the different zones. In the torrid zone, particularly at St. Helena, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, it seldom varies more than three-tenths; at Madras about five-tenths; in the south of Europe not more than one-inch and two-tenths; in England it varies two inches and a half, and in Petersburgh three inches four-tenths. In the two first, the temperature of the atmosphere is not subject to much variation, and never to any great degree of condensation. In the third, reckoning from the tropics to the latitude of forty degrees, the atmosphere may sometimes be suddenly condensed by currents of cold air from the N. and still more so in England. But the greatest variation must necessarily take place on the continent to the northward, where, during the summer, the weather is as hot as within the tropics; and, in winter, the thermometer, for many weeks, continues several degrees below the freezing point.

The thermometer also, which measures the degree of heat in the air near the earth, will contribute towards denoting when changes are likely to take place in the lower regions of the atmosphere, and the electrometer will point out the quantity of electricity which prevails in it.

The words generally engraven on the plates of the barometer rather serve to mislead than to inform; for the changes of the weather depend rather on the rising and falling of the mercury, than on its standing at any particular height. When the mercury is as high as fair, or at thirty degrees, and

and the surface of it is concave, beginning to descend, it very often rains; and on the contrary, when even the mercury is at 29 degrees, opposite to rain, when the surface of it is convex, beginning to rise, fair weather may be expected. These circumstances not being known, or not duly attended to, is the principal cause that farmers and others have not a proper confidence in this instrument.

It must also be observed, that *cæteris paribus*, the mercury is higher in cold than in warm weather, and commonly early in the morning, or late in the evening, than at noon, which seems occasioned by the obvious causes of the atmosphere being condensed by the cold of the night, and rarefied by the heat of the day.

The following observations of Mr. Patrick seem confirmed by experience:

1. The rising of the mercury presages, in general, fair weather, and its falling foul weather, as rain, snow, high winds, and storms.

2. In very hot weather the fall of the mercury indicates thunder.

3. In winter the rising presages frost; and in frosty weather, if the mercury falls three or four divisions, there will certainly follow a thaw; but in a continued frost, if the mercury rises, it will certainly snow.

4. When foul weather happens soon after the falling of the mercury, expect but little of it; and, on the contrary, expect but little fair weather, when it proves fair shortly after the mercury has risen.

5. In foul weather, when the mercury rises much and high, and so continues for two or three days before the foul weather is quite over, then expect a continuance of fair weather to follow.

6. In fair weather, when the mercury falls much and low, and thus continues for two or three days before the rain comes, then expect a great deal of wet, and probably high winds.

7. The unsettled motion of the mercury denotes uncertain and changeable weather.

But to these remarks may be added, that, when the barometer suddenly falls two or three-tenths, without any material alteration in the thermometer, and the hygrometer is not much turned towards moist, a violent gale of wind may be expected. When the hygrometer inclines far towards moist, with only a trifling descent in the barometer, it denotes a passing shower and little wind; and when the barometer falls considerably, and the hygrometer turns much towards moist, the thermometer remaining stationary, and rather inclined to rise than fall, both violent wind and rain are likely to follow in the course of a few hours.

GENERAL OR COMMON PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

Amongst these we may reckon such as are derived from birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and plants, to which might be added great part of the wood work in houses, as doors, windows, window shutters, &c.

Birds, in general, retain in the quill part of their feathers a quantity of oil, which, when they feel an extraordinary degree of moisture in the atmosphere, they express, by means of their bills, and distribute it over their feathers, to secure their bodies against the effect of an approaching shower.

Swallows in pursuit of the flies and insects, on which they prey, keep near the earth in wet weather; and

and in dry weather, from the same cause, they fly much higher.

Domestic animals, as cows and sheep, but particularly the latter, on the approach of rain, feed with great avidity in the open field, and retire near the trees and hedges as soon as they are satisfied. In fine weather they graze and lounge about, eating and resting alternately with apparent indifference.

The pimpernel, commonly called peep-a-day, or shepherd's weather-glass, closes its leaves before rain; and the down of the dandelion is much affected by moisture.

All wood, even the hardest and most solid, swells in moist weather. The vapours insinuate themselves into the pores of trees, and also into the wood-work of houses.

Insects and reptiles of all kinds, seek or avoid rain according to their respective habits, by these means, giving notice of every change of weather.

It is a well-known fact, that before rain, particularly in summer, a strong smell is perceived from drains and common sewers, as well as from every other body emitting a great quantity of effluvia. During fair weather, even in the summer, the atmosphere readily absorbs all the vapours and exhalations from the earth until it is completely saturated, and consequently the effluvia from the bodies which emit them, will then be confined and ascend in a narrow compass, like the smoke of a chimney in dry weather, almost perpendicularly; but when the air is saturated with moisture, and becomes rarefied and expanded, as it always does before rain, the volume of air containing the effluvia, will be extended horizontally, and diverge from these different bodies as from a centre, and will be sensibly perceived on all sides, but will, of course, be most perceptible on that to which the current of air or wind moves.

In winter, when the thermometer is between thirty-four and forty degrees, the air being in a state of condensation, and the running water being warmer than the land, a mist or fog may be seen rising above the rivers, particularly when the air is cold and clear; but this vapour is no longer visible when the river is frozen, for though the ice be subject to evaporation, it does not yield so much vapour as water, and the water, in parting with its caloric in the moment of its freezing, warms the surrounding air.

To the philosopher, all objects in nature, both animate and inanimate, may afford both amusement and instruction, particularly in meteorology; but to observe them with due attention, we must quit the busy scenes of life; "and thus our lives, exempt from public haunts, find tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Carelessness and Cruelty of Servants.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I Was lately witness to such an act of cruelty on a poor harmless, useful animal, as would have "harrowed up your soul" as it did mine, if you had been a spectator of it.

A servant maid, whom I call my cook, had set down before the fire the remains of a joint of mutton which came out of the parlour, to keep it warm, while she was flirting without the kitchen door with a footman

footman, who was come with a message from a neighbouring family; when a poor cat, who had been watching all night for her prey without success, felt her appetite very importunate, and made free with a considerable part of what was intended for the servants dinners. This so much enraged the tender-hearted Peggy, that she vented her fury on the wretched animal in a manner too shocking and disgusting to be described.

Now, *be it known*, to all the servants of Great Britain, male and female; cooks and house-maids; footmen and stable-boys; that cats and dogs are their *fellow-creatures*, and have an equal *right* with themselves to the *good things* of this life—which their natural instinct impels them to seize upon whenever they can find them: but reason gives man the *power* of securing to themselves what they deem to be their exclusive property; and if by their negligence or laziness they suffer a cat or dog to devour a chicken, or a bason of cream which they have left within its reach, instead of putting it in some safe repository; the *offender* only obeys the imperious demands of nature; while the servant is guilty of a breach of duty to his master or mistress—and merits the punishment which he unjustly inflicts on the hapless animal.

M. Garnerin's Third Aerial Voyage.

On Tuesday, Aug. 3, at a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening, M. Garnerin, accompanied by Mrs. Garnerin, and a Mr. Glasfurd, ascended from Vauxhall Gardens. The balloon rose very majestically (there being but little wind) to the height of about one thousand feet.—It was seen distinctly for fifty-four minutes. From the perfect calm which prevailed, people were uncertain what direction it would take, and many thought it would remain above the Gardens. But there was an insensible current in the air, and the balloon went to the westward. It soon after wheeled about to the north. It hovered a considerable while above the river, and could not then have been less than six thousand feet high, when M. Garnerin let fall from the car a small parachute attached to the balloon, in which was placed a kitten, which at first fell with great velocity, but when the spokes of the umbrella were fully extended, the descent was easy and gradual. The balloon afterwards became very low, but some ballast being thrown out, it rose higher than ever. It seemed to pass over Westminster-Abbey, Whitehall, the Green Park, Grosvenor-square, and Paddington; and a few minutes after eight, the whole party alighted in Lord Rosslyn's grounds, Hampstead, from whence, by various conveyances, they returned by ten o'clock to Vauxhall Gardens.

For further particulars, we refer our readers to

M. Garnerin's own Account,

Which he wrote the following day.

The ascension I made yesterday from Vauxhall, was unquestionably performed in the most favourable weather experienced this season.

The day was so calm and serene, that I would have been glad of that opportunity, to make the experiment of the parachute, which seems to have fixed more particularly the expectation and interest of the public. Anxious to gratify curiosity on this occasion, and to shew

shew my eagerness and acknowledgments on this first and only opportunity, I made the offer, which was rejected.

The calmness of the day assisted much in the operation of filling my balloon. At five it was ready to ascend, and remained on the platform, erected for the purpose, till the signal was given. A quarter after seven was the time Madame Garnerin and Mr. Glasfurd seated themselves in the car with me, and we gradually ascended, under the most flattering auspices, and with the plaudits of a generous multitude surrounding, whose unanimous approbation has raised a monument that will be ever dear to my pride and gratitude. After having cleared the trees, we perceived an immense number of spectators, which enlivened, beyond the possibility of description, the beautiful picture of the metropolis, which we explored at an elevation of two hundred yards. Having obtained this height, I launched a cat with a parachute, in miniature, which encompassed a column of air thirty-three inches and a half in its basis. The descent was gradual, and the cat fell, with his little vehicle, in the garden of a man, who insists on receiving three guineas for indemnification of the trespass committed by poor puss, or at least his picture, with the parachute.

Under such well-grounded pretensions, I have this very moment received a letter from a Mr C. of Hampstead, desiring, that I should "appoint a Surveyor immediately, to ascertain the damages done to his premises, in consequence of my *descent and trespass* on them yesterday evening with my balloon, which, when estimated, Mr. C. presumes I will *instantly* reimburse."

Digression aside, I return to my cat, and his parachute; the experiment of which, by proving sufficiently the elasticity of the air, must do away the uneasiness which my own descent, by means of a parachute of a greater magnitude could excite; an experiment which, I trust, will take place between this and the 10th instant. Having thrown away some ballast, the balloon went up progressively, although it appeared stationary. However, the dilatation of the inflammable air, which shews itself by the effect caused by the diminution of the weight of the atmosphere, compelled me to open the valve. According to the barometer, we were then at the heighth of 300 yards. The temperature being nine degrees lower, the inflammable gas condensed itself, and the balloon was sensibly lowering on the Thames, so as to make people believe that our balloon was coming down upon it, which was clearly perceivable by the movements of the numberless boats, which were put in motion in order to protect the descent.

I should most certainly have performed it, had I been by myself, in order to re-ascend, and prove thereby how little dangerous it is to descend on a river. Every one will readily conceive, that the regard due to the timidity of a young woman, and of a newly-initiated aëronaut, made me reject the thought of making a proper use of the ballast I had in store, the means of ascending, which were seconded by a degree of dilatation the inflammable air received from the warmer temperature we were then in, we rose sensibly above St. James's Park, and reached an elevation of eight hundred yards, when I set at liberty a pigeon carrier, which immediately took his unsettled direction, and seemed

wandering

wandering wild for a time; we at last lost sight of him, and I am informed that he returned to his nest at night. I have often, in former ascensions, let loose, at the height of fifteen hundred yards, birds which were seen flying about my machine, and came at last to perch on my car, in a state of stupefaction and drowsiness the most extraordinary.

When above Westminster-Abbey, each of us was engaged with the sensations which affected most.—The curiosity of my travelling companions led them more particularly to the observation of sounds. They observed the sensible evaporation of the noise coming from the earth, although we were not at a great height. This effect, which is produced by the rarefication of the air, proves the use demonstrated by trifling experiments of philosophy in the constitution of the atmosphere, where so many changes are felt in rapid succession! It happens, sometimes, that inexperienced aërial travellers are led into error on account of the sounds produced, when the lower part of the balloon offers cavities tolerably regular, and of an extent equal not only to the reflexion of the voice of the aërial travellers, but susceptible even to reflect the sounds which come from the surface of the earth. Such is the effect which constitutes the magic attributes of the *Invisible Girl.*

Invited by the serenity of the atmosphere, I kept my travelling companions at a moderate distance from the earth. But, becoming late, I was under the necessity of landing, which I effected, at the time and place mentioned in all the papers, with the assistance of a few very polite individuals. Notwithstanding the annoyance of the mob, I folded, after inexpressible toils, my balloon, which has been since brought to the Pantheon, where Mrs. Garnerin attends in person, in order to answer the questions, and to acknowledge the kind interest, and peculiar marks of attention she was honoured with at her return to Vauxhall. GARNERIN.

DUELLING IN THE EAST INDIES.

Bombay, July 18, 1801.

THE Quarterly Sessions commenced here on the 14th instant, before Sir William Syer, Recorder, and his associate Judges.

The Recorder having addressed the Grand Jury in a very eloquent and impressive speech, elucidating the law, as applied to the various bills that were to be brought before them, and particularly upon the subject of Duelling, the Grand Jury retired, and the Court adjourned until the following day, at ten o'clock, when the Grand Jury returned a true bill against Lieutenant G. B. Bellasis and Captain C. W. Byne, for the murder of Mr. A. A. Forbes Mitchell, and no bill against Lieutenant Mitchie, whose name stood in the same indictment.

Mr. Dowdeswell, as advocate for the Crown, then moved that Mr. Mitchie might be put to the bar, and tried upon the inquest of the coroner, with the view, as he declared, of bringing Mr. Mitchie forward as an evidence upon the trial of Lieutenant Bellasis and Captain Byne; which being opposed by Mr. Morley, as counsel for those gentlemen, and the Court having heard the arguments adduced for and against the motion, they were pleased to reject it; upon which Lieutenant Bellasis and Captain Byne were put to the bar.

Mr. Dowdeswell having addressed the jury on the part of the prosecution, evidence on both sides was heard, and the prisoners, both of whom addressed the Court, having finished their defence, at one o'clock the Recorder summed up the whole of the proceedings, with his usual perspicuity and accuracy, and delivered his charge to the Jury in a manner that reflected the highest credit on his abilities and impartiality.

The Jury retired at midnight, and at half past one o'clock on the morning of the 16th, returned their verdict, Guilty, but recommended them to mercy.

The Court having this day (July 20) met at eleven o'clock, pursuant to adjournment, Lieutenant Bellasis and Captain Byne were put to the bar, and being asked, in the usual form, what they had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, they severally addressed the Court, in a few words, throwing themselves on its mercy.

The Recorder then addressed the prisoners in a long and very affecting speech, wherein he recapitulated the leading circumstances of this melancholy case, and took occasion to admonish the audience, to take warning from the unfortunate example before them, of the danger of flying in the face of the laws, and actuated by false notions of honour, seeking the lives of their fellow-creatures, or risking their own, by that most barbarous practice of duelling.

The Recorder then informed the prisoners, that in consideration of the Jury having recommended them to mercy, the Court had determined to avail themselves of the late gracious act of his Majesty, which enables the Courts in India to award sentence of transportation instead of execution against offenders in certain cases, as they shall see fit: and, further, that from some favourable circumstances which had appeared on the trial, affecting the case of Captain Byne, as well as a representation which had just been put into his hands from the officers of the eighty-sixth regiment, stating, that upon a former occasion of this nature, Captain Byne had interfered and happily prevented a duel in the regiment, the Court would be induced to recommend him to his Majesty for pardon; but that the case of Lieutenant Bellasis appeared in a very different point of view, and he must not expect the smallest remission of his punishment.

The Recorder concluded by saying—" It therefore only remains for me to pronounce the sentence of the law, as the Court have determined to apply it—which is, that you George Bridges Bellasis shall be transported to the eastern coast of New South Wales, for the term of fourteen years;—and that you, Charles William Byne shall be transported to the same place, for the term of seven years."

Manners of the Town.

[As all merit arises from contrast and comparison, so every representation of past Amusements, Customs, &c. must naturally tend to illustrate the present, some pleasant instances of which we think may be found in a Journey through England, published during the Reign of George I. in 1714. Supposed to have been written by a Stranger.]

" I AM lodged," says he, " in the street called Pall-Mall, the ordinary residence of strangers. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: we rise by nine, and those that frequent great mens' levees, find great entertainment at them till eleven; or, as in Holland, go

go to tea-tables; about twelve, the *beau-monde* assemble in several coffee or chocolate houses, the best of which are the Cocoa-Tree and White's Chocolate Houses; St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British Coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that, in less than an hour, you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondaliers do at Venice.

" If it is fine weather, we take a turn in the Park till two, when we go to dinner; and, if it be dirty, you are entertained at *piquet* or *basset* at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna and St. James's. I must not forget to tell you, that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Orsinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-House of St. James's.

" The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood. Young Man's for officers, Old Man's for stock-jobbers, paymasters, and courtiers, and Little Man's for sharpers. I never was so confounded in my life, as when I enquired into this last: I saw two or three tables full at *faro*, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above stairs, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at *faro*, to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them.

" At two we generally go to dinner: ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones, for the conveniency of foreigners, in Suffolk-street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here, is to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, then we go to the play.

" After the play, the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's Coffee-houses near adjoining, where there is playing at *piquet*, and the best of conversation, till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars, sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom, as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home; and a stranger tastes with pleasure the universal liberty of speech of the English nation. Or, if you like rather the company of ladies, there are assemblies at most people of quality's houses.

" The Royal Exchange is the resort of all the trading part of this city, foreign and domestic, from half an hour after one till near three in the afternoon; but the better sort generally meet in Exchange-alley a little before, at three celebrated coffee-houses, called Garraway's, Robin's, and Jonathan's. In the first, the people of quality who have business in the city, and the most considerable and wealthy citizens, frequent. In the second, the foreign bankers, and often even foreign ministers. And in the third, the buyers and sellers of stock.

" When I entered into this last, I was afraid I had got into Little Man's Coffee-house again, for busy faces run about here as there, with the same sharp intent looks, with this difference only, that here it is

settling of Bank-stock, East-India, South-Sea, and Lottery Tickets, and there it is all cards and dice.

"You will see a fellow, in shabby clothes, selling ten or twelve thousand pounds in stock, though perhaps he may'nt be worth at the same time ten shillings, and with as much zeal as if he were a Director, which they call selling a *bear's skin*; and these men find bubbles enough to get bread by it, as the others do by gaming; and some few of them manage it, so as to get pretty large estates."

Another writer, about the same period of time, but of a much more satirical cast, displays considerable pleasantry in his descriptions and remarks upon the manners of the lower orders of people in this metropolis: of this our readers will judge from the following extract:

"In London the execution of malefactors happens almost every six weeks; they pass through the town in carts, dressed in their best clothes, with white gloves and nosegays, if it be the season. Those that die merrily, or that don't at least shew any great fear of death, are greatly admired by the vulgar, and are said to die like *hearty cocks*, which is the highest encomium they desire should be bestowed on their memories. One of these wretches being come to the place of execution, which (for what reason I could not learn), is called Tyburn, desired to speak to one of his neighbours that he happened to cast his eye upon in the throng. The man came to him, and then he told him that he was unwilling to die without asking him forgiveness for a great injury he had done him. The man answered, that he forgave him heartily, but that he could not tell what it could be. The rogue seemed to be in much haste to tell i, and at last owned that *he had only made him a cuckold*. Another made the cart stop within a stone's cast or two of the gallows, and pointing to a large field, declared that he had buried about Five Hundred Pounds in gold and silver in divers parts of it, which he had acquired by thefts. The mob fell to digging and tearing the field to pieces, and the criminal passed almost unattended on to the place of execution, where a number of hired rogues, being conveniently posted, rescued him from the officers of justice, and carried him cleverly off. Another bold villain condemned to die for many robberies, found means to make his escape from the prison; diligent search was made after him, and great rewards promised to such as should discover and apprehend him, but all without effect; however, the day for execution of his fellow-criminals being come, and they all carried to the tree, while they were at their devotions, and the halters about their necks, the fellow came and leaped up into the cart, asking ten thousand pardons of the Sheriff, for making his honour wait so long, but that he had been taking leave of some particular friends; and so cheerfully submitted to his death, and the law, to the great astonishment of infinite crowds of spectators.

"With respect to common swearing, a stranger cannot walk their streets, without being almost deafened with the most execrable oaths and curses, incessantly issuing from the throats of coachmen and carters, that a person stone blind, who hath a good ear, may, without any other guide, conduct himself through the principal streets of the city, by carefully keeping within the sound of them. It generally happens, that the first English a foreigner learns is their oaths; and this rudiment proved very use-

ful

ful to a servant in the retinue of the Turkish Ambassador, who, having rambled out of his knowledge, as far as the Tower, at the farther end of London, he did, by the help of this part of the English tongue, convey himself from Aldgate to Temple Bar, from thence to Charing Cross, and so safe to his Excellency's residence in Suffolk-street, without asking so much as a single question.

"A superstitious belief of demons and goblins is among these people, one of the most pleasant descriptions imaginable. He that is the staunchest believer in this point, is often the most wretched infidel in articles of a more useful nature; he swallows glibly the grossest falshoods and forgeries, but cannot bear the appearance of truth and conviction. If you tell them that a spirit carried away the side of a house, or played at foot-ball with half a dozen chairs, and as many pewter dishes, you win their hearts and assent: but if you go about to persuade them, that a bodily communication between the invisible spirits of the other world, and the mortal inhabitants of this, is not very likely, at least not very common, they hold up their hands, and wonder how you can be such an atheist. We had the testimony both of men, women, and children, for the appearance of all kind of ghosts, in the city and suburbs of London, at proper times and seasons; some in coaches, and servants behind them, all without their heads; and of spirits as tall as country may-poles, dancing at the doors of women in child-bed, fore-warning them of their deaths. Many of the most ancient and finest seats in the kingdom are gone to ruin, having been totally neglected and uninhabited for some ages, on account of their being *haunted*. And I have heard of travellers, who have been so terrified at the shadows of their own horses, that they have often rode back twenty or thirty miles, when they have been going a journey.

"The English," says the same author, "are too apt to reproach foreigners, particularly the Germans and Dutch, with the vice of drunkenness; yet none more guilty of it than themselves, as is demonstrable from the astonishing number of drinking-houses in all their cities, corporate towns, and villages. I have seen a Lord, whom they call the *moving tun of Claret*, that hath not been sober six hours together these twenty years; nor is he able to set a foot upon the earth, being constantly borne upon mens shoulders, from tavern to tavern, and who hath had the pleasure and satisfaction to drink two or three dozen of his companions into their graves, in a most friendly and obliging manner.

The prying curious spirit of the English he also remarks as the most surprising of any people he ever had met with, being not only strictly inquisitive after the affairs of other nations, but of every minute circumstance attending the lives and actions of their own people. He says, "They have, I believe, almost as many intelligences or newspapers amongst them as there are stars in the firmament, wherein every little incident of human life is carefully registered. I remember his Excellency the Turkish Envoy, having had some cathartic medicines administered to him for a slight illness, the next day a particular account of their operations and success was printed and dispersed all over the kingdom; and for the first six months after our arrival in London there was not a morsel of meat we could put into our mouths, nor a garment on our backs, nor even a turn we could

take

take in our chambers, but a relation of it was set forth in all their common newspapers. In one of their Weekly Occurrences they once gave us an account 'of a large bird that came one day and fixed on the cross of St. Paul's, the great cathedral of London, the wings whereof were of such magnitude, that it eclips'd the light of the whole city at noon-day, so that the traders were obliged to light candles in their shops to vend their wares by.'

"Another paper affirmed, that 'a coach, going from London for the north of England, with about six persons in it, was, by a sudden whirlwind, taken up into the air at Highgate, a village little more than a league from London, and was safely set down again at the journey's end, about one hundred and fifty miles farther, without the least hurt happening to either the passengers, coachman, or horses.' We were informed, it was from this accident that these travelling vehicles have ever since been called *flying coaches*. They are, almost to a man, mightily delighted with such like extraordinary occurrences, and marvellous events; in the relation of which they cannot help discovering a sensible pleasure, though, at the same time, they are positively sure, or at least have all the reason in the world to believe, that they are entirely groundless, false, and fictitious.

"The title of Captain the English give to every idle, insignificant fellow that wears a sword, though he never bore a commission, or served in the army: there are several orders and degrees of them, as *Darby* Captains, *Tash* Captains, and *Cock-and-bottle* Captains; the first are such as attend at gaming-houses, and bully those who grow troublesome at the loss of their money; the second are ready on all occasions to protect the prostitutes of the town from constables and informers; the third are always to be found at an alehouse, ready to beat bailiffs, bully cowards, and do any mischievous exploits, for ready money.

"The British wives," he also observes, "have greater privileges than those of the eastern countries; they even sit at table with their husbands, and oftentimes assume an authority over them. Those of quality sleep asunder from their husbands, when the humour takes them in the head; and a man would be esteemed a most unfashionable and unpolished creature, should he attempt to approach his wife's apartment without having first obtained her permission, though three or four of the male kind be with her at the same time. The *husband* and *wife* are accounted but *one flesh*; which once gave occasion to an Irish gentleman to take his helpmate along with him a journey of two hundred miles in a stage-coach, and then insisted on paying only as a *single passenger*." But the same kind of logic being once offered to a waterman, he denied the consequences, insisting that a man and his wife were always *two* in a boat, but only *one* in a bed.

Royal Kentish Bowmen.

On Saturday, July 31, the above Society met at their elegant Lodge, on Dartford Heath, to shoot at a target, placed at the distance of an hundred yards, for an elegant inlaid Indian bow, quiver, and twelve arrows, valued at fifty guineas. The shooting commenced at two o'clock; much skill was displayed by all who entered the lists. Several of the first bowmen in England were pre-

sent.

sent. The prize was won by Mr. John Mattock, who pierced the bull's eye. A gentleman of the name of Wright gave the prize. The shooting lasted two hours. At five o'clock, the company, consisting all of gentlemen, sat down to an excellent dinner: Lord Eardley was in the chair. The dinner consisted of turtle, venison, &c. When the cloth was removed, *Non nobis Domine*, was sung in very fine style, by Messrs. Nield, Vincent, Leete, and Master Smith. The first toast drank was, "The Royal Kentish Bowmen, and success to the meeting. "The King" was next given, "The Prince and Princess of Wales," &c.—Captain Sutton, of the Navy, sang "Here's a health to all good lasses."—Captain Sowden was proposed as a Member, by Mr. Maddocks, and seconded by Mr. Charles Calvert. He was then ballotted for; and, it appearing there was no black ball, he was elected.

About nine o'clock, a party of distinguished fashionables arrived, among whom were Lady Say and Sele, Lady Melbourne, Mr. Mitford, Mrs. Culling-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, General Pattison, Mr. Latham, Mr. and Miss Maddocks, &c.

The ball commenced, at half past nine o'clock, with *Mrs. Gardner a troop*. The company danced in two sets, of thirty couple each. The supper took place at one o'clock, of which about two hundred persons partook. It was one of the most elegant entertainments ever seen. The desert consisted of the finest fruits the season has produced, such as pines, peaches, nectarines, &c.; the whole was a present from Lord Eardley.

Catches and glees were sung, after supper, in a very fine style, by the professional gentlemen from London, particularly "When Winds breathe soft," a favourite glee of Webbe: it was given in a beautiful manner; the treble by Master Smith, and the bass by Mr. J. Maddocks. It was four o'clock before the company separated, the greater part of whom resided in the vicinity of the lodge.

The tickets to the ball and supper, were one guinea each.

Cricket.

On Wednesday, the 30th of June, was played, a Grand Match of Cricket, at Bexley, Kent, between Eleven Gentlemen of North Cray and Eleven Gentlemen of Bexley, for Five Hundred Guineas.

NORTH CRAY.

First Innings.

Hampton	5	b. Elles.
Ray	13	b. ditto.
T.W.Coventry	9	b. ditto.
Tyhurst	10	not out.
Inelling	2	b. Elles.
Holland	0	c. Preston.
Hunber	2	b. Elles.
Diggens	1	run out.
Banks	0	b. Elles.
Derling	0	b. Moon.
Toa	0	b. ditto.
Byes	2	
	44	

Second Innings.

Hampton	13	st. Crockford.
Ray	6	c. Moon.
T. W. Coventry	5	b. Ellis.
Tyhurst	5	run out.
Inelling	0	b. Moon.
Holland	1	c. Dann.
Hunber	0	b. Elles.
Diggens	0	b. Moon.
Banks	2	b. ditto.

Derling

Derling	0	not out.
Toa	1	b. Moon.
Byes	1	
	34	

BEXLEY.

First Innings.

Leigh	5	b. Hampton.
Bybourn	10	b. Ray.
Tomlins	26	c. Coventry.
Forster	0	b. Ray.
Preston	7	c. Hampton.
Latham	0	c. ditto.
Fenn	4	run out.
Dann	1	b. Hampton.
Elles	1	run out.
Crockford	10	b. Hampton.
Moon	1	not out.
Bye	1	
	66	

Second Innings.

Leigh	3	b. Hampton.
Bybourn	1	b. Ray.
Tomlins	0	b. ditto.
Forster	4	not out.
Preston	2	run out.
Latham	0	b. Ray
Fenn	0	c. Banks.
Dann	—	
Elles	—	
Crockford	1	not out.
Moon	—	
Byes	2	
	13	

Bexley won by three wickets.—Even betting at starting.

On Tuesday, the 6th of July, a Grand Match of Cricket, in Aram's New Ground, at Montpellier Gardens, at Walworth, between Eleven Gentlemen of the Hommerton Club, against Eleven Gentlemen of the Saturday's Montpellier Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

MONTPELLIER CLUB.

First Innings.

Elyard	0	c. Walpole.
Peppercorn	6	b. Hollan.
Pickerring	4	b. Fulljames.
Nyran	66	b. ditto.
Knight	13	b. ditto.
Clelan	21	b. White.
Barton	9	b. ditto,
C. Mortimer	0	b. Fulljames.
Walter	1	leg before wick.
Eaton	0	not out.
Oasleland	0	b. White.
Byes	3	
	123	

Second Innings.

Elyard	4	b. White.
Peppercorn	8	b. ditto.
Pickerring	2	st. ditto.
Nyran	4	st. Vigne.
Knight	7	c. Walker.
Clelan	2	b. White.
Barton	6	b. J. Weller.
C. Mortimer	0	not out.
Walter	0	c. J. Weller.
Eaton	0	b. ditto.
Oasleland	0	b. ditto.
Byes	0	
	33	

HOMMERTON CLUB.

First Innings.

Sudlam	0	c. Elyard.
Fulljames	7	c. Mortimer.
J. Weller	12	b. Cleland.
Ladbroke	3	b. ditto.
Vigne	12	b. Elyard.
Walpole	12	b. ditto.
Hollan	1	b. Pickerring.
Aislabie	3	b. ditto.
White	14	b. Nyran.
Eades	2	not out.
Walker	0	c. Pickerring.
Byes	2	
	68	

Second

Second Innings.

Fulljames	0	and in.
J. Weller	14	Elyard.
White	25	C. Mortimer.
Byes	5	
	44	

This match is postponed. Homerton Club has forty-five runs to get, and eight wickets to go down.

On Wednesday, the 7th of July, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Swanley, Kent, between Eleven Gentlemen of Bexley, and Eleven Gentlemen of Swanley, for Five Hundred Guineas.

BEXLEY.

First Innings.

Tomlins	11	b. Reeves.
Wybourn	3	b. Kibble.
Henn	3	b. ditto.
Preston	5	c. Williams.
Leigh	0	b. Kibble.
Ellis	0	run out.
Lathan	0	b. Reeves.
Crockford	9	b. ditto.
Moon	5	b. Kibble.
Ward	3	not out.
Rapley	0	Kibble.
Byes	7	
	46	

Second Innings.

Tomlins	15	not out.
Wybourn	3	b. Reeves.
Henn	0	c. Kibble.
Preston	4	b. Reeves.
Leigh	3	b. ditto.
Ellis	0	b. Kibble.
Lathan	0	b. ditto.
Crockford	3	c. ditto.
Moon	1	c. Stapells.
Ward	1	b. Kibble.
Rapley	7	b. Addams.
Byes	6	
	43	

SWANLEY.

First Innings.

Tye	9	c. Ellis.
Pointer	0	c. ditto.
Williams	0	b. ditto.
Addams	4	b. ditto.
Reeves	0	c. Leigh.
Kibble	4	c. Crockford.
Selby	1	b. Ellis.
G. Allen	1	b. ditto.
Stapells	0	b. ditto.
T. Allen	1	c. Crockford.
Sparks	0	not out.
Byes	2	
	22	

Second Innings.

Tye	0	c. Lathan
Pointer	3	c. Leigh.
Williams	4	b. Moon.
Addams	6	b. Ellis.
Reeves	0	b. ditto.
Kibble	22	b. ditto.
Selby	6	run out.
G. Allen	3	b. Ellis.
Stapells	0	not out.
T. Allen	0	run out.
Sparks	11	b. Ellis.
Byes	1	
	56	

Bexley won by eleven runs, even betting.

Monday, the 12th of July, was played, a Grand Match of Cricket, at Chigwell, Essex, between Eleven Gentlemen of Chigwell, against Eleven Gentlemen of the Mile-End Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

MILE-END.

First Innings.

Eaton	2	c. Wright.
Carter	3	b. Cole.
Oasleand	22	b. Wackland.
Elyard	8	b. ditto.
Nyran	0	b. Cole.
Knight	17	b. ditto.

Mason	10	c. ditto.
Laetheler	3	b. ditto.
Colett	2	b. ditto.
Charrington	0	not out.
Huffam	0	b. Cole.
Byes	3	
	77	

Second Innings.

Eaton	0	b. Cole.
Carter	7	run out.
Oasleand	6	b. Cole.
Elyard	32	b. ditto.
Nyran	5	b. Wackland.
Knight	0	b. ditto.
Mason	0	b. ditto.
Laetheler	5	c. Legrove.
Colett	3	b. Cole.
Charrington	0	c. T. Clark.
Huffam	1	not out.
Byes	1	
	60	

CHIGWELL.

First Innings.

Ramsey	0	b. Elyard.
Wright	1	b. Knight.
Cole	28	b. Elyard.
Hedgley	3	c. Charrington.
Hanson	1	c. Elyard.
Wackland	0	c. ditto.
J. Clark	1	leg. bef. wick.
Legrove	5	b. Elyard.
Shepperd	0	c. Carter.
T. Clark	0	not out.
Miller	9	b. Knight.
Byes	6	
	54	

Second Innings.

Ramsey	22	b. Knight.
Wright	0	b. ditto.
Cole	0	c. Elyard.
Hedgley	23	b. Knight.
Hanson	2	b. Elyard.
Wackland	2	run out.
J. Clark	1	b. Knight.
Legrove	2	b. Elyard.
Shepperd	2	not out.
T. Clark	5	b. Elyard.
Miller	0	b. Knight.
Byes	1	
	60	

Mile-End won by twenty-three runs. Even betting at starting.

On Tuesday, the 13th of July, was played, a Grand Match of Cricket, at Aram's New Ground, at Montpellier Gardens, Walworth, between Eleven Gentlemen of Woolwich Club, against a select Eleven Gentlemen of Montpellier Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

MONTPELLIER CLUB.

First Innings.

Lambourn	0	b. Ward.
Hart	2	b. Basset.
Roffey	12	run out.
Jonson	29	not out.
Tanner	13	c. Basset.
Elyard	11	run out.
Peppercorn	7	b. Fensham.
Walter	4	c. Crowhurst.
Piper	9	b. Ward.
Earnshaw	0	run out.
Vane	1	b. Ward.
Byes	4	
	92	

Second Innings.

Lambourn	1	b. Ward.
Hart	6	b. ditto.
Roffey	14	b. ditto.
Jonson	3	c. Basset.
Tanner	6	b. Ward.
Elyard	6	c. Constable.
Peppercorn	4	b. Basset.
Walter	7	b. ditto.
Piper	3	b. Ward.
Earnshaw	1	not out.
Vane	9	b. Ward.
Byes	5	
	65	

WOOLWICH CLUB.

First Innings.

Basset	44	c. Vane.
Crowhurst	8	c. Roffey.
Harwood	12	b. Jonson.
Ward	25	c. Lambourn.
Fensham	6	c. Elyard.
Eden	1	b. Peppercorn.
Hind	0	b. ditto.
Constable	5	c. Elyard.
Hounsham	15	b. Roffey.
Cook	1	b. Tanner.
Tidball	2	not out,
Byes	4	
	123	

Second Innings.

Basset	9	c. Tanner.
Ward	9	c. Elyard.
Fensham	12	not out.
Constable	5	b. Tanner.
Hounsham	1	not out.
Byes	0	
	36	

Woolwich won by seven wickets.—Six to four on Woolwich at starting.

On Tuesday, the 13th of July, a Grand Match of Cricket was played at Camberwell, between Eleven Gentlemen of Camberwell and Peckham, against Eleven Gentlemen of Clapham, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CLAPHAM.

First Innings.

Pearce	4	b. Lambert.
Towning	8	b. Cowper.
Meor	28	c. Billetter.
Comley	1	not out,
Clemons	1	b. Cowper,
Ford	4	b. ditto.
Davey	8	b. Lambert.
Kemp	4	c. Glover.
Hatfield	18	b. Cowper.
Blackpool	4	b. ditto.
Gent	22	b. Lambert.
Byes	3	
	105	

Second Innings.

Pearce	5	b. Lambert.
Towning	1	b. Cowper.
Meor	2	c. Dowarty.
Comley	5	b. Cowper.
Clemons	3	run out.
Ford	1	not out.
Davey	1	c. Dowarty.
Kemp	2	b. Lambert.
Hatfield	0	c. Lickfold.
Blackpool	0	c. ditto.
Gent	5	c. ditto.
Byes	1	
	26	

CAMBERWELL.

First Innings.

Billetter	9	c. Clemons.
Lambert	1	c. Kemp.
Hearsey	4	b. Pearce.
Lickpold	3	b. ditto.
Rentall	4	b. Blackpool.
Prior	3	Pearce.
Cowper	6	b. Towning.
Dowarty	6	stumped Hatfield.
Ives	0	c ditto.
Connell	0	c. Blackpool.
Glover	2	not out.
Byes	8	
	46	

Second Innings.

Billetter	26	b. Clemons.
Lambert	1	b. Ford.
Hearsey	33	b. Blackpool.
Lickpold	8	not out.
Prior	9	hit wicket.
Cowper	0	b. Pearce.
Dowarty	2	b. Blackpool.
Ives	4	not out.
Glover	0	run out.
Byes	3	
	86	

Camberwell won by three wickets.—Six to four in favour of Camberwell at starting.

On Wednesday, the 14th of July, a Grand Match of Cricket was played in Aram's New Ground, at Montpellier Gardens, Walworth, between Eleven Gentlemen of Camberwell and Peckham, against Eleven Gentlemen of Clapham, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CAMBERWELL.

First Innings.

Lambert	30	not out.
Prior	70	b. Pearce.
Hearsey	0	c. Bradpole.
Ives	20	b. Pearce.
Tag	13	b. Clemons.
Glover	6	run out.
Dowarty	1	b. Clemons.
Rentall	1	b. ditto.
Cooper	4	c. ditto.
Lickfold	1	b. Bradpole.
Upsdell	22	b. ditto.
Byes	22	
	200	

Second Innings.

Lambert	15	hit wicket.
Prior	16	run out.
Hearsey	2	not out.
Ives	11	b. Ford.
Tag	9	b. Gent.
Glover	6	b. Clemons.
Dowarty	0	b. ditto.
Rentall	0	b. ditto.
Cooper	0	b. Ford.
Lickfold	2	run out.
Upsdell	6	c. Hatfield.
Byes	3	
	70	

CLAPHAM.

First Innings.

Pearce	0	b. Cooper.
Clemons	4	b. Lambert.
Bradpole	4	b. Cooper.
Moor	0	b. Lambert.
Gent	1	b. Cooper.
Hatfeild	0	b. ditto.
Comley	2	c. Hearsey.
Bailey	11	b. Cooper.
Davey	8	not out.
Ford	7	b. Cooper.
Kemp	1	b. ditto.
Byes	0	
	38	

Second Innings.

Pearce	10	c. Upsdell.
Clemons	1	c. Hearsey.
Bradpole	3	b. Prior.
Moor	0	c. Dowarty.
Gent	3	b. Cooper.
Hatfeild	1	not out.
Comley	14	b. Cooper.
Bailey	8	c. Prior.
Davey	16	b. Cooper.
Ford	19	run out.
Kemp	0	c. Prior.
Byes	5	
	80	

Camberwell won by one hundred and forty-two runs.—Five to four on Camberwell at starting.

A Match was played on the last Tuesday and Thursday in July, on the Prince's Ground, at Brighton, between General Lennox, with the Hon. Arthur Upton given, and nine men picked from the Western side of the county of Sussex, and Colonel Porter and Thomas Smith, Esq. and Thomas Walker given, with nine picked Eastern men.

WESTERN.

First Innings.

Paine	3	c. Cooper.
Dyer	17	b. ditto.
Soane	3	b. ditto.
Hammond	12	c. Sayers.
Hon. A. Upton	0	c. Smith, Esq.
Haines	0	c. Marchant.
Lamport	4	b. Cooper.
Stedman	4	run out.
Gen. Lennox	1	b. Cooper.
Musters, Esq.	0	c. Smith, Esq.
Shepherd	0	not out.
	44	

Second

Second Innings.

Musters, Esq.	1	c. Budd.
Shepherd	13	b. Walker.
Dyer	3	b. Cooper.
Hammond	10	b. Walker.
Hon. A. Upton	0	b. ditto.
Soane	5	b. Cooper.
Paine	0	c. Walker.
Haines	5	b. ditto.
Gen. Lennox	6	run out.
Stedman	3	stumped out.
Lamport	2	not out.
Byes	5	
	53	

EASTERN.

First Innings.

Budd	2	c. Soane.
Sayers	1	b. Dyer.
T. Walker	5	b. ditto.
T. Smith, Esq.	24	b. Lamport.
Marchant	3	c. Gen. Lennox.
Baldwin	0	c. Haines.
Smith	0	b. Dyer.
Flint	9	leg before wick.
Ld Milsington	0	b. Lamport.
Frances	0	b. Hammond
Cooper	0	not out.
	44	

Second Innings.

T. Smith, Esq.	7	c. Paine.
Cooper	8	b. Dyer.
Budd	7	c. Shepherd.
Sayers	0	run out.
Ld Milsington	2	not out.
T. Walker	30	ditto.
	54	

Won by Eastern, with five wickets to go down. The return match was immediately begun and finished, as under, on the 3d of August.

EASTERN.

First Innings.

T. Walker	23	b. Hammond.
Cooper	7	b. Lamport.
T. Smith, Esq.	6	b. ditto.
Budd	16	run out.
Baldwin	17	c. Hammond.
Ld Milsington	0	c. Payne.
Marchant	5	c. Soane.
Flint	4	c. Gen. Lennox
Frances	5	b. Dyer.
Smith	2	not out.
Sayen	0	b. Dyer.
Byes	1	
	86	

Second Innings.

T. Walker	7	stumped out.
Cooper	0	b. Hammond.
T. Smith, Esq.	9	run out.
Marchant	0	b. Hammond.
Baldwin	14	not out.
Flint	6	b. Hammond.
Frances	1	c. Dyer.
Ld Milsington	0	c. Soane.
Budd	1	stumped out.
Smith	1	b. Lamport.
Sayen	16	run out.
Byes	1	
	56	

WESTERN.

First Innings.

Soane	2	b. Cooper.
Haynes	0	b. ditto.
Pain	2	stumped out.
Steadman	0	c. Marchant.
Hammond	25	c. Budd.
Hon. A. Upton	1	b. Cooper.
Dyer	0	b. ditto.
Shepherd	12	c. Budd.
Lamport	5	c. T. Smith, Esq.
J. Musters, Esq.	0	b. Walker.
Gen. Lennox	0	not out.
Bye	0	
	47	

Second Innings.

Gen. Lennox	3	b. Cooper.
Shepherd	8	c. Marchant.
Soane	8	b. Walker.
Hammond	0	c. Budd.
Pain	6	b. Cooper.
Hon. A. Upton	0	c. Walker.

Haynes	0	c. Marchant.
Dyer	2	b. Cooper.
Lamport	1	run out.
Stedman	0	not out.
J. Musters, Esq.	2	b. Cooper.
	33	

Won by the Eastern Side by sixty-one runs.

On Saturday, the 31st of July, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Hampstead, between Eleven Gentlemen of Hampstead, against Eleven Gentlemen of Highgate, for Five Hundred Guineas.

HAMPSTEAD.

First Innings.

Collings	0	c. Hill.
Todd	2	c. ditto.
Boyce	2	run out.
Wheeler	12	c. Eager.
Jones	2	run out.
Havercar	12	b. Anderson.
Hitchman	6	c. Hill.
Nichol	0	c. Anderson.
Joyce	3	b. Slade.
Pearce	2	run out.
Butcher	0	not out.
Byes	2	
	43	

Second Innings.

Collings	0	b. Slade.
Todd	1	b. Anderson.
Boyce	1	b. Slade.
Wheeler	2	c. Hawkings.
Jones	0	c. Stringer.
Hevercar	3	c. Slade.
Hitchman	4	b. ditto.
Nichol	4	run out.
Joyce	8	not out.
Pearce	0	b. Anderson.
Butcher	0	b. ditto.
Byes	4	
	27	

HIGHGATE.

First Innings.

Slade	13	run out.
Anderson	22	b. Boyce.
Jennings	3	b. Wheeler.
I. Hill	1	c. Hitchman.
Melton	4	c. Pearce.
Curtis	3	b. Wheeler.
Steavenson	5	b. ditto.
B. Hill	0	not out.
Stringer	0	run out.
Byes	1	
	52	

Second Innings.

Slade	4	b. Wheeler.
Anderson	11	b. Boyce.
Jennings	3	b. Wheeler.
I. Hill	0	b. Boyce.
Melton	4	c. ditto.
Curtis	14	c. Pearce.
Steavenson	0	c. ditto.
B. Hill	1	not out.
Stringer	0	c. Wheeler.
Eager	0	c. Pearce.
Hawkings	0	c. Collings.
Byes	1	
	38	

Highgate won by twenty runs.

N. B. Eager and Hawkings did not go in the first innings, being absent; five to four on Hampstead at starting.

On Tuesday, the 3d of August, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, on Ripley Green between eleven Gentlemen of Ripley, against eleven Gentlemen of St. Mary-le-bonne, for Five Hundred Guineas.

RIPLEY.

First Innings.

Bliss	8	b. Lord.
T. Howard	4	b. ditto.
R. Howard	7	b. ditto.
Dawes	2	st. Leycester.
Vincent	18	c. Talmash.
J. Simmonds	8	c. Barton.

Bamlet

Bamlet	0	c. ditto.
Turner	32	not out.
Onslow	4	run out.
R. Simmons	23	b. Lord.
Worsfold	1	c. ditto.
Byes	7	
	114	

Second Innings.

Bliss	12	c. Bentley.
T. Howard	18	b. ditto.
R. Howard	40	leg before wick.
Dawes	5	b. Ld F. B.
Vincent	2	b. ditto.
J. Simmons	3	c. Lord.
Bamlet	8	c. Bentley.
Turner	1	b. Stanhope.
Onslow	6	run out.
R. Simmons	0	c. Leycester.
Worsfold	0	not out.
Byes	2	
	97	

ST. MARY-LE-BONNE CLUB.

First Innings.

Bentley	19	b. Bliss.
Stanhope	4	c. Onslow.
Leycester	3	b. hit wicket.
Lord F. B.	34	b. R. Howard.
Barton	2	run out.
Lord	5	b. R. Howard.
Eavers	4	run out.
Talmash	4	b. R. Howard.
Nevell	0	not out.
Foster	0	c. Vincent.
Davey	5	b. Worsfold.
Byes	1	
	81	

Second Innings.

Bentley	0	c. Bamlet.
Stanhope	1	run out.
Leycester	58	st. Turner.
Lord Fred. B.	44	leg before wick.
Barton	12	b. Bliss.
Lord	12	not out.
Eavers	2	c. Dawes.
Talmash	1	c. Bliss.
Nevell	0	c. Bamlet.
Foster	2	not out.
Davey	0	leg before wick.
Byes	4	
	131	

St. Mary-le-bone won by one wicket.—Four to one on St. Mary-le-bone at starting.

N. B. This is the best match that ever was played on Ripley Green.

On Thursday, the 5th of August, a Grand Single Match of Cricket was played at Ashtead Bottom, near Epsom, Surry, between Lord F. Beauclerk and Mr. Barton, against Mr. Davey and Mr. Linkfeild, for Two Hundred Guineas.

SURRY.

First Innings.

Linkfeild	1	b. Lord Fred. B.
Davey	1	b. ditto,
	2	

Second Innings.

Linkfeild	5	b. Lord Fred. B.
Davey	4	b. ditto.
	9	

LORD FRED. B.

First Innings.

Ld Fred. B.	16	c. Davey.
Mr. Barton	20	c. Linkfeild.
	36	

Lord Frederick Beauclerk and Mr. Barton won by one innings and twenty-five runs. Six to four on Lord Fred. B. at starting.

On Tuesday, August 10, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Highbury Barn, near Islington, between Eleven Gentlemen of Stoke Newington, and Eleven Gentlemen of Clapton, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CLAPTON.

CLAPTON.

First Innings.

Glaizier	3	b Pontifax.
Crisford	0	c. Outtrim.
Ellis	27	b. Ripley.
Harwood	1	run out.
Robbins	3	b Hoar.
Trig	12	b. Pontifax.
Curtis	0	c. Marks.
Messenger	0	c. Aldridge.
Morgan	0	b. Pontifax.
James	8	not out.
Jacob	3	b. Pontifax.
Byes	13	
	70	

Second Innings.

Glaizier	1	c. Ripley.
Crisford	0	b. Pontifax.
Ellis	2	b. Ripley.
Harwood	4	c. Aislabie.
Robbins	5	run out.
Trig	7	b. Pontifax.
Curtis	16	run out.
Messenger	1	b. Pontifax.
Morgan	1	run out.
James	3	c. Pontifax.
Jacob	0	not out.
Byes	1	
	41	

STOKE NEWINGTON.

First Innings.

Eldridge	9	c. Robbins.
Aldridge	0	c. Jacob.
Pontifax	5	b. ditto.
Holland	17	b. ditto.
Cole	1	b. ditto.
Ripley	4	run out.
Aislabie	1	c. Robbins.
Marks	3	c. Messenger.
Low	0	b. ditto.
Hoar	3	stumpt. Harwood
Outtrim	0	not out.
Byes	15	
	58	

Second Innings.

Aldridge	17	not out.
Pontifax	7	c. Trig.
Holland	27	not out.
Aislabie	0	c. Glaizier.
Byes	3	
	54	

Newington won by eight wickets; five to four on Newington at starting.

On Wednesday, August 11, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Highbury Farm, near Islington, between Eleven Gentlemen of Clapton, against Eleven Gentlemen of Stoke Newington, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CLAPTON.

First Innings.

Glaizier	6	c. Law.
Crisford	24	b. Hoar.
Harwood	11	c. Rigby.
Messenger	7	b. Ripley.
Ellis	22	st. Low.
Steward	14	b. Hoar.
Trig	21	b. Ripley.
Robbins	8	not out.
James	0	b. Ripley.
Eades	1	b. ditto.
Morgan	5	b. ditto.
Byes	1	
	120	

Second Innings.

Glaizier	5	c. Randel.
Crisford	23	c. Aislabie.
Harwood	13	not out.
Messenger	66	b. Hoar.
Ellis	8	c. Ripley.
Steward	0	b. Aislabie.
Trig	24	b. bitto.
Robbins	24	b. Hoar.
James	0	b. Aislabie.
Eades	4	c. Lloyd.
Morgan	1	b. Ripley.
Byes	6	
	174	

NEWINGTON.

NEWINGTON.

First Innings.

Ripley	4	c. Messenger.
Lloyd	1	st. Harwood.
Aislabie	0	b. Ellis.
Law	2	c. ditto.
Outrim	0	c. Crisford.
Foster	1	b. Messenger.
Hoar	5	hit wicket.
Workman	5	c. Cade.
Rigby	0	b. Ellis.
Honeymore	0	not out.
Randel	1	c. Messenger.
Byes	1	
	18	

Second Innings.

Ripley	5	run out.
Lloyd	0	b. Ellis.
Aislabie	13	c. ditto.
Law	9	b. Messenger
Outrim	0	b. ditto.
Foster	2	b. Ellis.
Hoar	2	run out.
Workman	0	c. Cade.
Rigby	1	c. Messenger.
Honeymore	0	c. Trig.
Randel	0	not out.
Byes	3	
	35	

Clapton won by two hundred and forty-one runs—five to four on Newington at starting.

On Saturday, August 17, was played, on Hampstead Heath, a Grand Match of Cricket, between Eleven Gentlemen of Hampstead, and Eleven Gentlemen of Highgate, for Five Hundred Guineas.

HIGHGATE.

First Innings.

Batchelor	12	b. Boyce.
Graves	15	c. ditto.
Anderson	17	b. Wheeler.
Slades	4	b. ditto.
J. Jinnings	0	c. Salsberry.
Davis	3	b. Butcher.
Melton	3	c. Brandon.
Nash	2	c. Havacare.
Hill	3	b. Butcher.
French	0	c. Collings.
Pipkin	4	not out.
Byes	11	
	74	

Second Innings.

Batchelor	2	b. Butcher.
Graves	0	c. ditto.
Anderson	25	leg before wicket.
Slades	17	b. Wheeler.
J. Jinnings	0	c. Todd.
Davis	0	b. Butcher.
Melton	1	run out.
Nash	0	c. Butcher.
Hill	8	not out.
French	1	c. Butcher.
Pipkin	2	run out.
Byes	8	
	64	

HAMPSTEAD.

First Innings.

Salsberry	7	run out.
Havacare	6	b. Anderson.
Boyce	0	b. ditto.
Todd	17	run out.
Pratt	4	leg before wicket.
Collings	1	c. Anderson.
Wheeler	7	c. Hill.
Brandon	4	b. Anderson.
Butcher	2	b. Hill.
Hitchman	5	b. Slade.
Peirce	6	not out.
Byes	2	
	61	

Second Innings.

Salsberry	0	b. Anderson.
Havacare	1	b. Slade.
Boyce	7	b. Anderson.
Todd	1	b. Slade.
Pratt	1	not out.
Collings	4	c. Anderson.
Wheeler	0	c. Slade.
Brandon	2	b. Anderson.
Butcher	7	b. Slade.
Hitchman	6	b. Anderson.
Peirce	1	b. Slade.
Byes	3	
	33	

SMITHFIELD DIVORCES.

ON Monday afternoon, the 9th of August, Smithfield Market exhibited one of those *cheap divorces*, for which that quarter of the City of London has, from time immemorial been famous. It seems the fair one put up to auction on the present occasion had no objection to a change of masters, and was particularly desirous of knowing how much money her attractions would bring. She had previously absented herself from her husband, a strong, muscular, well-made man, of twenty-two, and lived at Tottenham with a publican named Thornish. The husband entreated that she would return to his longing arms, but she refused. The publican then offered ten pounds for her, but the lady declared she would have no *clandestine doings*, and that the business must be done in the good old *regular way*. Accordingly she bought a halter for herself, and proceeded in the morning with her husband, and the publican to Smithfield. The halter was there put round her neck, and the sale commenced in the usual form. After several biddings, she was at last knocked down to the publican for five guineas. The husband, whose name is Benjamin Chalkely, was sorry to part with his rib, after all that had passed, and his regret increased at every new bidding. He never knew what she was worth before. The wench is about twenty-five, has bright dark eyes, and is upon the whole rather a handsome figure. She appeared perfectly satisfied with the purchaser, who is about forty years of age.

After the sale, the parties retired to the Clerk at the Market House, where the money was paid, a receipt given, and the whole business settled in the most amicable manner.

Two other females were likewise exhibited for sale by their husbands; one fetched eighteen shillings; and the other ten pounds.

A TAYLOR'S DUEL.

AT the Public Office, Whitechapel, on Wednesday, the 11th of August, a young man of the name of Hill, foreman to Mr. Goodley, taylor, near the London Hospital, exhibited a complaint against Jeremiah O'Leary, another taylor, who went to Hill's house late on Tuesday night, the 10th, armed with pistols, and a challenge to fight him as a *man of honour*, accompanied by three other persons. A scuffle ensued, and by extraordinary exertions Hill secured O'Leary, and had him conveyed to the watch-house, but not until he had received several blows and kicks from the worthy seconds. The challenge was produced, of which the following is an exact copy:—

"Mr. Hill, your character of me in Mr. Goodley's shop seems very hodious, therefore I take a proper opportunity of seeing you to-morrow morning at six o'clock in the Fields, it upposit th Jean-street, Spice Island, fail not at your apparil, or I shall be under the desegreble necessity of affronting yow at the next place I shall meet you at. I remain,

O'LEARY."

Three of his brethren of the thimble that were concerned with him, came to the Officer to hear the result of the fate of their comrade; when they were taken into custody as being accessaries, and committed to prison, for want of sureties, to appear at the next Sessions.

THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET,
SATURDAY, JULY 24.

AFTER the *Battle of Hexham*, a new musical piece, said to have been written by Prince Hoare, was brought forth under the title of *The Sixty-third Letter*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Wilful Positive	Mr. Waddy.
Sidney -	Mr. De Camp.
Dulcet -	Mr. Fawcett.
Patrick Casey	Mr. Johnstone.
Sharp -	Mr. Chippendale.
Miss Metaphor	Mrs. Davenport.
Lydia -	Mrs. Mountain.
Patty -	Mrs. Harlowe.

FABLE.

Sir Wilful Positive, the guardian of *Lydia*, has exacted a promise from her, that she will not receive a lover, or a letter from one, without his concurrence. He intends to bestow her hand on a Mr. *Beverley*, who never appears, but the lady herself has made choice of Mr. *Sidney*. *Sir Wilful* has never seen *Beverley*, and therefore *Sidney*, whose person is equally unknown to him, assumes the name of *Beverley*, to get into *Sir Wilful's* house, for the purpose of seeing his *Lydia*.

Miss *Metaphor*, the sister of *Sir Wilful*, is possessed with a literary *mania*, and has written a novel, which she wants to read to her brother, but he has no taste for literature, and on leaving him in disgust, she drops one of her manuscripts on the stage. Her novel, it seems, was written in a series of letters, and the manuscript she loses, is the *Sixty-third*. *Sir Wilful* picks up this precious letter, which is supposed to constitute the most interesting part of the novel, on which the critical point of the plot depends. The letter is addressed to *Sir Somebody Fitzpatrick*. *Sir Wilful* throws the letter out of the window, after having torn off part of the address; and it falls upon the head of *Patrick*, an Irish servant, who thinks himself very handsome, and declares that he has acquired the name of the *Tipperary Adonis*. *Patrick* is on the look-out for a maiden lady of fortune, and he is vain enough to suppose the letter which fell on his head by chance, is a signal from some enamoured beauty, particularly as the name of *Patrick* was not torn from the address. The letter desires the person to whom it is addressed, to convey himself into the house, by means of a hamper. *Patrick* employs his friend, *Sharp*, a cutler, to assist him in this enterprise, and gets into the house of his old master, *Sir Wilful*.

But previous to this situation of things, Miss *Metaphor*, who wishes to cross the views of *Sir Wilful*, respecting *Beverley*, sends an anonymous letter to her brother, importing that *Beverley* is somewhat insane, and is only to be softened by music. Hence, when *Sidney*, as the pretended *Beverley*, procures admission to the house, *Sir Wilful* takes all his amorous raptures as proofs of mental derangement, and as *Lydia* appears to have power over him by her musical skill, *Sir Wilful* suffers her to take a short excursion with *Sidney*, for the purpose of soothing him into a more tranquil state of mind. *Sidney* very naturally makes use of this opportunity, to get married to his mistress. After the ceremony has been performed, he returns with her to *Sir Wilful's*, to be a witness of the ludicrous confusion which arises from the appearance of *Patrick* in the hamper, instead of the

wine, that was expected. *Sir Wilful* finds he is out-witted, but forgives the lovers, and Miss *Metaphor* promises to recompence *Patrick* for his disappointment, by giving him a portion with her maid, *Patty*, to whom he had been attached before his ambition had been deluded, by the golden prospects he had conceived from *The Sixty-third Letter*.

From these materials, with the assistance of some very pleasing music, and the general merit of the acting, a whimsical farce has been produced, which will add to the stock pieces of the Summer Theatre. It abounds with improbabilities, but extravagance is the very essence of farce, and it would be absurd to expect the regular merits of legitimate comedy.

Something, indeed, of resemblance to life may be required in the wildest of those productions, which profess to have life for their model. However, we shall not rigidly ask how it is possible that *Sir Wilful*, with all his caution, all his suspicion, and all his care, should think of giving his ward to *Beverley*, a man whom he never saw, because such conduct, however remote from life, is common to *its mirror*, the stage; or why *Patrick*, who knew all the family of his old master, should think a scheme could be devised by any part of it for improving his fortune in matrimony. But he is an *Irishman*, and that consideration is, of course, to account for a *blunder*.

The character of *Dulcet* is somewhat unhacknied; he is represented as a servant, who cannot contain himself at the sound of a street organ, and who is perpetually singing ballads. While he is handing a glass of wine, an organ strikes up, when he drops the bottle and glasses, and begins dancing. Every question put by his master, he answers by repeating the title of some ballad—for instance, when *Sir Wilful* asks who brought a letter, he looks over his ballads, and replies 'The Waggoner.'—'When?' —'In the Dead of the Night,' &c. He has a very good song, in which he enumerates the names of a variety of ballads. When he mentioned 'God save the King,' 'Britons strike home,' and 'Rule Britannia,' the public sentiment of loyalty manifested itself in repeated bursts of applause.

Waddy shewed comic force in *Sir Wilful*, a part very different from his usual line. Johnstone was, as usual, quite at home, in the *Irishman*. The character of *Sharp*, the cutler, was by no means so productive as the author of the piece probably expected.—Mrs. Mountain had hardly enough to do in *Lydia*, and Mrs. Harlowe, rather too much, in *Patty*.

The Music is in the stile of the Italian Comic Opera. A quartetto was particularly well contrived, and spirited in effect.

The piece was throughout very well received, and contains, upon the whole, so much farcical bustle, and is altogether so well supported by the actors, that it will probably retain its station on the summer boards.

The music is not unworthy the respectable name of Dr. Arnold.

The piece was announced for repetition to a numerous audience, without one dissenting voice.

For a specimen of the songs, which are truly comic, see our Poetical department.

HAYMARKET, SATURDAY, JULY 31.

A New Play, in three Acts, intitled, *The Voice of Nature*, was produced at this Theatre. The principal characters were

Alphonso,

Alphonso, King of Sicily,	Mr. Barrymore.
Rinaldo, -	Mr. C. Kemble.
A Lord of the Court,	Mr. Davenport.
Infant, son of Lilla,	Master Byrne.
Lilla, -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Alzira, -	Mrs. St. Leger.
Bendetta, -	Mrs. Davenport.
Clorinda, -	Miss Norton.

Rinaldo, brother to *King Alphonso*, becomes enamoured of *Lilla*, the orphan and destitute descendant of a noble family, who is indebted to her nurse, *Bendetta*, for support. He triumphs over her virtue, and a child is the consequence of their illicit love. Shortly after its birth, it is stolen away, and a dying changeling is left in its place. *Lilla* laments her loss for several years, and the scene opens with her arrival at the Court of *Alphonso*, to take a farewell view of *Rinaldo*, who had proved a faithless lover, on the eve of his marriage with *Alzira*, a widow of rank and fortune. Here she is struck with the appearance of a boy, the alledged son of the intended bride. She examines his features, and they awake her remembrance of her lost child. A comparison of circumstances raises suspicions in her mind. She feels all a mother's fondness, and after much anxious doubt and conjecture, is convinced by some marks upon his person that he is her long lost son. An interview takes place between *Rinaldo* and *Lilla*, in which she asserts her claim to the alledged child of *Alzira*. Struck with such baseness on the part of his new mistress, and feeling a reviving passion for the old, *Rinaldo* discloses the circumstances to the King, *Alphonso*, who undertakes to decide the claim. *Alzira* and *Lilla* are summoned before him, and after hearing their mutual statements, he orders the child to be put to immediate death, in compliance with the wish of *Alzira*, who declares she would rather see him dead, than in the possession of another. The agony into which *Lilla* is thrown by this sentence, and the indifference with which it is heard by the cold, proud, and selfish *Alzira*, at once determine the real mother. *Alzira* is banished from court, and *Rinaldo* bestows his hand upon *Lilla*.

In this brief account of the plot we easily recognise the judgment of Solomon between the two harlots, in the first book of Kings.

The piece is of an uniformly grave and sentimental character. The King is a model of a just and virtuous Prince. Maternal affection could not be enforced with more energy from the pulpit, than in the example and language of *Lilla*. The sentiment is chaste, moral, and impressive, and the solemnity of the scene is not interrupted by a single passage of levity from beginning to end. The writing is elegant, and adorned with much pleasing imagery; and several of the situations are affecting. These advantages, set off with all the embellishments of handsome scenery, magnificent costume, and splendid decorations, constitute in themselves such a mass of merit as enables us to speak freely, without endangering the success of the Piece for the rest of the season.

In this Drama there is a remarkable deviation from the scriptural history. Perhaps it was found impossible to adapt the story to the stage without this deviation; and if so, the defect is in the subject, and ought not to be imputed to the author. Another deficiency, arising out of the nature of the

the piece, is the sameness of the scene.

Still the first act is beautiful, and received unbounded applause, but a small party in the House, whose violence threw suspicion upon their justice, took offence at the only two weak points in the two last. The first is the passage where *Lilla*, perhaps too obedient to the voice of nature, considers the common place mark of a mole conclusive evidence of the identity of her son. The second is the concluding scene, where the horrible is carried too far, by an injudicious movement to carry that sentence into effect, which was only meant as a stratagem to elicit the expression of maternal feeling. The former of these defects may be inherent in the piece; the latter is easily removable.

The Play is the production of Mr. Boaden; but has its origin in the French school. It was announced for repetition amidst some degree of contention; notwithstanding which, we think it very likely, with some alterations, to become a favourite with the Public.

[For the Epilogue to the above, see our Poetical Department.]

HAYMARKET,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

The Fairies' Revels; *or*, *Love in the Highlands*, was performed this evening for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MORTALS.

Donald	-	Master Menage.
Highland Boy		Mister Byrne.
Old Man (father to the three Girls)	}	Master Cranfield.
Father Austin		Master Tokeley.
Malcolm	-	Master Geroux.
Jane	-	Miss Geroux.
Peggy	-	Miss C. Geroux.
Isabel	-	Miss Cranfield.

FAIRIES.

The Queen	-	Miss Tyrer.
Film	-	Miss Howells.
Apparition	-	Miss S. Norton.

Witches, Goblins, Elves, &c.

As the following is the official account of the fable, we shall present it in that shape to our readers.

FABLE.

An open Country.—*Enter Donald* deploring the loss of *Isabel*, who (having left her father's house) comes upon him unobserved. He proposes to her to fly with him from her father's power, which she refuses, playfully keeping him at a distance. At length he catches her in his arms, and her father, who has pursued her, detects them—takes his daughter forcibly away, leaving *Donald* in the utmost despair. He is met by *Film* disguised as a witch. The *Old Man* conveys *Isabel* home, and calling her sisters, *Jane* and *Peggy*, (who welcome him) tells them of *Isabel's* conduct. They affect to be shocked. The *Old Man* takes *Isabel* into the house, *Jane* and *Peggy* being left in the garden, a signal is heard; *Malcolm* appears on the top of the wall, and *Peggy* is sent to watch the *Old Man*—*Malcolm* comes over the wall, and he and *Jane* dance a *Pas Deux*.

Peggy returns and informs them of the father's approach. The *Old Man* enters listening, and enquires who has been in the garden; they protest their ignorance of any intruder; he appears satisfied, but moving, stumbles over *Malcolm's* bonnet. The *Old Man* shews it to them, and they are confused. (Here another signal is heard from the wall.) The *Old Man* prevents his daughter from moving, and repeats it. *Donald* comes over, and they

they are all detected. The *Old Man* asks the lovers what they can do to deserve their mistresses—*Malcolm* dances; the *Old Man* seems pleased, and enquires of *Donald* if he can rival that. He, with modesty, confesses his inability. *Isabel* proposes to dance for him, which is accepted. She dances a *Pas Seul*, "The Blue Bell of Scotland, with Variations."

The *Old Man* then asks *Donald*, as he cannot dance, what he can do to win his daughter. *Donald* replies, that he understands the sword, and will try a few passes with *Malcolm*, which is accepted. —*Donald* recollects the fairy ring, and, fearing he may lose it in the encounter, places it on the finger of a statue which is in the garden. They fight, and *Donald* disarms *Malcolm*. The *Old Man* is delighted—consents to their union; and they all go in, except *Donald*, who, recollecting the ring, attempts to regain it, and is struck with horror at the mysterious manner in which he is repelled.

Donald enters, musing upon the circumstances of the ring; *Isabel* comes to upbraid him for his absence; he explains to her the cause of it, which she holds lightly, and endeavours to ridicule his fears. He rouses his fortitude, and seems to shake off his terror, when the mysterious appearance presents itself to him, pointing to the ring. *Donald* is almost petrified with horror; *Isabel* tenderly demands the cause of it; he points to the vision, which being invisible to her, she protests it is fancy. The figure moves forward, and *Donald's* terrors increase. The *Vision* sings,

"Husband, husband, I've the ring,
"Thou gav'st to-day to me;
"And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
"As I am wed to thee."
(Here the Figure disappears.)

Isabel, who is not supposed to have heard it, is shocked at *Donald's* apparent terror; imagines his brain is affected, approaches him; he sinks into her arms; she is endeavouring to convey him off; they are stopped by the Hermit *Austin*, who speaks as follows:

Donald, attend! repair at dead of night
To the four cross-roads; and with keenest sight,
Observe a train of Demons glide along,
With one of mien terrific in the throng;
Give her this scroll, perforce 'twill work your good;
I'th' late eclipse I wrote it with my blood.

Donald having obtained the talisman to break the charm, affectionately embraces *Isabel*, and goes in quest of the Fairies. He enters the Goblins' Cell, displays the tablet, the charm is broken; the scene flies in pieces, and discovers a magnificent Fairy Palace, with *Isabel* and her family, and the ballet concludes with dances by the various characters.

Our readers will hardly require from us a formal critique on a Piece like the present. It is very well calculated to please the eye and the ear, and altogether is, indeed, as beautiful, and full as interesting a thing as we ever saw of a similar kind. The hint was avowedly taken from a Poem called "The Ring," in the works of the late Mr. Little.

The scenery is admirably painted, and affords a very gratifying spectacle. The Fairy Palace, by moon-light, is very picturesque. It may be thought that the grotesque figures at the entrance of the Goblins' Cell, are too large to suit the taste of such a tiny tribe of beings as the Fairies, but the contrast is thereby rendered more striking. The concluding scene of the Fairy Palace is very splendid and beautiful.—Upon the whole, the Piece itself is very well adapted

ed to the prevailing rage for show and brilliancy of effect.

The merit of compiling this amusing ballet is attributed to Fawcett, who certainly deserves commendation for his ingenuity on this occasion, as well as on several others of the same kind.—The public have had very little occasion to be gratified by the sterling merits of dramatic composition in the novelties produced at our theatres for some time past, and a Piece like *The Fairy Revels*, which combines the charms of music and scenery, is much better entitled to encouragement than a constant repetition of the wild, unnatural characters, improbable plots, and forced conceits of the modern stage, or dull translations from the poisonous Morality of the German School.

The performers, in general, acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of the audience, who testified their approbation with great applause, and a repetition of the Piece, was announced by young Menage, with unanimous and hearty consent.

We select the following as a specimen of the Poetry.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND FAIRIES.

In the West Old Phœbus sinks,
All the night with Neptune drinks—
Staggering then he lifts his head
In the East a bloated red.
Qualmish, crop-sick—He, all day,
Pale and burning, makes his way
To the night's capacious bowl,
Again to cool his thirsty soul,
Till with tipsy draughts he has drown'd
The world of cares which he goes round.

HEN-PECKED HUSBANDS.

FROM time immemorial there has prevailed, at Niort, in France, a pleasant custom of leading about, mounted upon an ass, those husbands who have suffered their wives to beat them. This ceremony, which has been revived at Souch some months, occurred lately at St. Eanne. The inhabitants of St. Eanne and the neighbouring villages, to the number of twelve hundred, with little kettles, nippers, triangles, cornets, and other musical instruments of the same kind, seized hold of the person guilty of this fatal crime, and compelled him to make the usual promenade. Notwithstanding the turbulent gaiety inseparable from so great a multitude, the ceremony of the ass passed off without the least disorder.

The whole body was under the authority of a commandant general, whose decrees were irrevocable. The provisions, wine, and order of march, were all regulated; the ratio of wine was only half a bottle, and they broke, without mercy, the bottle of him who violated the public law. In short, every thing has passed at the expence of the husbands; but it is not known in what way women, who have been thrashed by their husbands, will avenge themselves.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SUMMER ASSIZES.

HORSE SOLD.—*Happy go lucky.*

Tried at the late Lincoln Assizes.

BONNING *v.* HUBBARDS.

THE plaintiff, who lives at Empingham, purchased of the defendants, in Stamford May Fair last, a horse for twenty-two pounds. Shortly after the horse's eyes became very bad, and farriery being found ineffectual, he was returned.

This action was to recover the value of the horse, which demand Messrs. Hubbards resisted, on the plea of having sold him "happy go lucky," (meaning the purchaser

was

was to take him with all faults, for better for worse)

It being considered probable that Mr. Bunning was not acquainted with the meaning of this *happy* phrase, (which certainly required the knowledge of persons well versed in the slang of jockeyism to construe into any thing bordering on the intended meaning) and, in consideration of a former offer of half acceptance by the defendants in a letter, promising to exchange the horse for another, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

ACTION FOR SHOOTING A DOG.

Tried at the Sussex Summer Assizes.

SPRINGATE *v.* BEAZER.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd stated, that this was an action against the defendant, for wilfully and maliciously shooting the plaintiff's dog, which he valued at ten pounds. To this accusation of the plaintiff the defendant had put in several special pleas—first, that the dog was a *large* dog—next, that he was a *ferocious* dog—next, that he was mischievously inclined to bite, and that he had attempted to bite the defendant, and he had *gently* shot him in his own defence. These pleas, the learned Serjeant said, were, as he should most clearly prove, unfounded in truth; so far from its being the fact that the defendant shot the dog in his own defence, the animal was lying at his master's door, when the defendant went home and got his gun, being determined, as he said, to destroy him. With respect to the value of the animal, he most certainly was worth all he was stated to be.

The plaintiff lived at Rye, and the defendant also lived in the same place, near him. The plaintiff got his living by carrying fish from Rye to London, upon which occasions the dog accompanied the fish-cart, and was its faithful guardian when his master was necessarily absent. The dog, therefore, was to its owner a most important servant, whose loss was much felt by his master. As a further proof that the act was wantonly done, he should prove to the jury, that before the defendant shot at the dog, there were some children near, whom he told to get out of the way, in order that he might take a fair aim; they did so, and he took his aim, by which the animal fell. This was a wanton and unjustifiable act, for which he was sure the jury would give adequate damages.

Two witnesses, of the names of Thomas Blake and Joseph Russel, proved the fact of shooting the dog, in nearly the same manner as the learned Serjeant had described it. On cross-examination by Mr. Garrow, they said the dog was going towards the defendant, and admitted that he was shot in the tongue, from which the learned Counsel inferred that his mouth must be open.

The plaintiff then called a third witness, of the name of Stephen Jarrat, who quite turned the scale against the plaintiff; he said, after proving that the dog was shot by the defendant, that he was very glad of it: it was a surly, ferocious animal.

After this witness was heard, the learned Judge advised each side to withdraw a juror, which was acceded to, and by which each party paid his own costs.

Action for selling an unsound Horse.

Tried at Guildford, August 11.

A Gentleman, named Stone, brought his action against Mr. Percival, a stable-keeper, to recover the sum of Twenty-five Pounds Ten Shillings, which he had given for a horse, under a warranty of soundness. The plaintiff declared the horse was not sound, inasmuch as he stood, while in the stable, with his off leg out; a certain symptom, according to the jockey knowledge, of lameness, at least it was attempted to be so set up.

Mr. Garrow, in defending the action, was extremely witty on this symptom, and said, in future, should the plaintiff get a verdict, any horse that put one leg before the other, must be considered as a lame horse, and consequently unsaleable. He then observed upon the ridiculous custom practised among jockies and horse-dealers, of whipping the legs of the animal till they get him into the habit of standing with both his fore feet in line, astrut, like a rocking-horse, as that, among the coxcombs of the day, was considered as a most elegant accomplishment among horses, and increased the worth of the animal ten-fold; so that the farmers he was addressing, had nothing to do, when they returned home, but to set to work, and to teaze one of their team horses into that elegant attitude; or, in other words, to pervert the order of nature, and they might obtain at least sixty guineas from the fashionable sparks of the day, for a horse not worth fifteen pounds.

Baron Macdonald observed, that it was rather unfortunate for the defendant, that in the first place, he was no jockey, and, in the second, that he had of late been most shamefully cheated in buying of a horse, and he would tell the Jury how:—He had the misfortune to be troubled with the rheumatism in his hands, which at times swelled his fingers so much, that he could not hold the reins. He therefore applied a short time back to the person, who for seven years had provided him with four horses, all the year round, and for which he paid him sixty pounds each, to recommend him a safe horse, and he would pay him his price. He was provided with a horse suitable in every respect, as he was told, and he gave his horse-dealer forty guineas for him. He came to ride him, and found he had not a leg to stand upon, and was obliged to sell him again for fifteen pounds. So much for his own expence. The question, however, in the present case, was extremely simple, and he should leave it to them, whether the putting forward the off leg, as described by the witnesses, was to be considered as a symptom of unsoundness or not: for his own part, he had no opinion to exercise. The Jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

Gentleman and his Game-keeper.

Tried at Guildford, Aug. 12.

JUDWINE *v.* CUNNINGHAM.

THIS was an action for monies paid to defendant's use. The plaintiff is a man of large property in the county of Surrey; the defendant an half-pay officer.

Mr. Serjeant Best, after a short address to the Jury, called the following witnesses to prove his case—

Mr. Stacey, an attorney, proved that the plaintiff had paid fifteen pounds for the defendant, a mitigated penalty he had incurred for shooting

shooting without a license. Witness added, that he had a bill against Mr. Cunningham of fourteen pounds for law expences, which he had charged to the account of Mr. Judwine.

On cross-examination, Mr. Stacey admitted that the plaintiff and defendant had become acquainted with each other in consequence of an advertisement which the former had inserted in the newspapers, requiring a person to look after the game on his estate, and to prevent poaching; for which he was to have a house to live in free of all expence. Witness also admitted, that the plaintiff had brought his action against a farmer for trespassing on his premises, for which he had recovered a farthing damages; also another action for an assault, in which Mr. Cunningham (as stated by Mr. Garrow) had refused to become a witness. Mr. Stacey confessed he had prepared an affidavit of debt, from the instructions he received from Mr. Judwine, wherein Mr. Judwine swore to defendant's owing him fifty pounds and upwards; and in the items, of which was charged eight pounds for a butcher's bill the defendant had incurred; but which the witness confessed he could produce no proof of Mr. Judwine's having paid.

Another witness proved that he had sent a quantity of wood and potatoes to Mr. Cunningham, while he resided in Mr. Judwine's cottage, which the plaintiff had charged thirteen pounds for. On cross-examination, he confessed, that at the time he sent them in he did not know his master, Mr. Judwine, meant to charge for them, and had taken no account of them, till his master one day observed to him, that he did not mean to give Mr. Cunningham the potatoes and wood for nothing; therefore insisted on his putting a price on them. Mr. Judwine did not deal in those articles, they were the produce of his land.

Mr. Garrow rose for the defendant, observing, that he felt it his duty to advise Mr. Cunningham to indict the plaintiff for perjury, should he oblige him to proceed with the defence, inasmuch as he had sworn to a debt of fifty pounds and upwards, due to him from Mr. Cunningham, for which there was not the smallest foundation in truth for doing. He threw out that hint, which the plaintiff might profit by, if he thought proper, and would wait a reply from his Counsel.

Mr. Marryot, as Counsel for the plaintiff, told Mr. Garrow, that it was his advice, that the plaintiff should go on without hesitation or reserve.

Mr. Garrow observed, that he was sure the advice was honest, and done for the best, as far as concerned the learned Counsel; but he should presently shew that such advice was perilous to pursue, as he should prove beyond a doubt that Mr. Cunningham was not indebted to him in one guinea, having paid the fifteen pounds into Court, which Mr. Judwine had advanced to him, and that all the rest were sums heaped up to increase the debt to fifty pounds; Mr. Judwine supposing Mr. Cunningham would be incapable of finding bail, and he should have the brutal satisfaction of seeing him in a gaol. But to return, Mr. J. made affidavit of fifty-eight pounds six shillings, due to him from Mr C. Among the items of his bill was a balance due from Mr. Cunningham to Messrs. Page and Curl, of that town; which balance,

 said

said Mr. Garrow, has not been paid by Mr. Judwine. The next was cash lent, fifteen pounds, that had been paid into Court, and was the mitigated penalty the defendant had incurred in Mr. Judwine's service. The first item, therefore, it would appear, was falsely sworn to have been paid, and for which the Criminal Justice must and shall be put in execution. With respect to the thirteen pounds for wood and potatoes, the Jury would see how that stood; Mr. Judwine was a monied man, a velvet merchant, sometimes living in Basinghall-street, London, and at others, a gentleman, residing at Pitt's Place, in the county of Surry, harrassing and vexing his neighbours. He advertised (said the learned Counsel) for an assistant game-keeper, and offers the man he shall approve a house to live in free of expence, and Mr. Cunningham is the man on whom his fancy lights. After being in the house some time, a quantity of wood and potatoes is sent in for the use of Mr. Cunningham's family, which are not measured, because Mr. Judwine's servant does not suppose they are to be paid for, but that Mr. Cunningham is to have them for nothing; and so he was, said Mr. Garrow: but Mr. Cunningham having refused to give evidence in favour of the velvet merchant, who had assaulted another man's game-keeper, this and two other actions were fangled up against him. So much for the potatoes. The next was Mrs. Retford's bill of eight pounds for butcher's meat, and a bill due to Mr. Griffin, the brewer, which he had not that day gone for: but the Jury would remember that he swore, "Mr. Cunningham is my debtor;" and when they heard what he was going to say, they would, like himself, be astonished at his unparalleled audacity. Mr. Judwine, continued Mr. Garrow, applied to these men to arrest Mr. Cunningham since the Assizes began, or to permit him to pay the debt, and to antidate the receipts. They refused to arrest Mr. Cunningham, observing, with a feeling that did them credit, that he was not a man of means; that he had three actions already to defend, and they had no desire to lock him up in a gaol.

Thus it was, said Mr. Garrow, that this tormentor of the human race endeavoured to spread ruin, misery, and desolation, around him. But why do I tell you all this, but to shew that this plaintiff is actuated by some malign passion, probably revenge, towards the defendant, and that it is not his anxiety to obtain that justice which is due to every man that influences his conduct. The case then is shortly as follows:—"The defendant has paid fifteen guineas into Court, which the plaintiff replies, is not the whole of my demand; it will be for you to say what further sum he is entitled to; for my part, I cannot think he has proved a farthing beyond that sum."

Baron Macdonald expressed his wish, that the action had not proceeded, as, to say the least of it, an affidavit had been made in a very careless way, and if wilfully done, might meet very serious consequences. The case for the consideration of the Jury was extremely simple; fifteen guineas had been paid into Court; the sums further claimed by the plaintiff were, thirteen pounds for potatoes, and fourteen pounds expences attending an indictment against Mr. Cunningham, for shooting without a licence. As to the

the latter, the Jury would remember that the defendant was employed as assistant game-keeper; and that in the exercise of that employ, he had incurred the penalty. With respect to the potatoes and wood, the witness himself thought they were not to be charged, and, indeed, they appeared to have been volunteered; it would, however, be for them to say, whether there was a fair buying and selling, or whether the articles had not been voluntarily given, and that the charge was nothing more than an after-thought. He should only add, that the expence of the indictment must be laid totally out of the question, as it was not paid at that moment; but if it had been, he thought that Mr. Judwine was bound in honour to protect the man, who had been strenuous in the preservation of his game, having engaged him for that purpose.

The Jury found a verdict for the defendant.

THE SAME *v.* THE SAME.

This was an action of trespass. Mr. Serjeant Best vindicated the character of Mr. Judwine, from the attacks Mr. Garrow had made on it: and observed, that Mr. Cunningham, instead of preserving the game, was the greatest destroyer of it; and, not contented with his own destruction, had introduced his friends to do the same, and had destroyed the young breed out of spite. In consequence of which, Mr. Judwine had dismissed him, and warned him off his manor; notwithstanding, said the learned Counsel, he continued to sport and to do all the mischief his wicked mind suggested to him. Whatever, therefore, might be the character of Mr. Judwine, it was impossible a Jury could defend such conduct by their verdict.

Evidence was then given of Mr. Cunningham's having broke nine young plantation trees, after he had been warned off the manor. The killing of game was previous.

Mr. Garrow said, it was a miserable case, and proved that Mr. Judwine's taste for law was never to be satiated. He had brought an action against a farmer, for plucking and smelling a clover flower, which grew in one of his fields, and on that occasion he got a farthing damages; the Jury were to consider, how much more he was entitled to in the present.

The Jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, Forty Shillings.

LUDICROUS ASSAULT.

Tried at the late Hertfordshire Assizes.

WARNER *v.* SMITHSON.

The plaintiff is a farmer, and was returning from a profitable adventure, having been to market, when he called at the Rd Lion, at Hockerill, otherwise stiled Sot's Hole. Here he quarrelled with all the *honest* dealers in grain he met, and at last was so imprudent as to intimate that the defendant, who was one of them, was a *d—d liar;* the defendant, very naturally, felt that his *character* was at stake, and that if he passed it over slightly, the public would not *believe* him at the next market day, when he should tell them that he had brought all the grain he was in possession of to market, and that he felt *no desire to keep up the price of corn;* he therefore replied, that if he repeated the same obnoxious expressions, he would "knock his d—n head about." The plaintiff very imprudently did so, and the defendant was as good as his word.

The Counsel defended the action

tion in a train of infinite humour, contending that Mr. Smithson had done no more than any other man would have done in his situation. The laws of courtesy, he said, were infallibly the same on the subject:—"If a man calls me a liar, I must knock him down." To prove which, he cited many cases that had come within his recollection; among others, that of a very great man, whose talents, he said, would do honour to any country, he meant Mr. Windham, who chanced to be in company, after his unsuccessful struggle for the City of Norwich, where an elector told him he had not voted for him, and as they were met he would tell him why; in the first place, he did not like him; and in the second, his aversion arose from his being a *turn-coat*, with many more observations equally affronting. Mr. Windham replied coolly, "You do this, Sir, to put me off my guard; but I am collected, and though the laws of courtesy bid me knock you down, yet, as you have before voted for me, and, as I think it may teach you how to behave in future, I shall only pull your nose;" which he did, said the Counsel, by *wringing it well*:—he had no doubt but that transaction would be brought into a Court of Justice, and if it was, he doubted not it would be treated in the same way he hoped the present would; namely, by a Jury giving a verdict *Two-pence* damages, to enable such a plaintiff to purchase enough soft soap to protect his nose at least for a week.

The Jury gave a verdict of *Sixpence Damages.*

Mr. Garrow afterwards observed to the plaintiff, who was in Court, "There, Sir, the Jury have been more bountiful to you than I should have been, for they have given you soap enough for *three weeks!*"

Brentford Races.

THE Septennial Plate, given by the Freeholders of the County of Middlesex, and run for this year over the old Course at Brentford, afforded more sport than for near half a century, when it was won by a famous horse of that year, known by the name of Mr. Wilkes's Liberty, got by Struggle, out of Dissipation. Notwithstanding the Plate had been long advertised, two horses only were entered, and no sport expected, when, on the evening previous to the day of running, a third was announced for entrance at the Post, to the general happiness of the Sporting world; and in the morning the following "list of the terribly terrible high-bred running horses" was offered in every part of the Course.

Mr. Byng's b. b. horse, Constitution—light blue and orange.

Mr. Mainwaring's mottled roan h. Magistrate—blue.

Sir Francis Burdett's golden dun, Vox Populi—purple.

Previous to the signal for starting, the clamour in the grand stand exceeded all former example; the names of the horses had excited some spirit of party, betting became uncommonly high, and in many instances blows barely avoided. The Stewards, and their subordinates, the Clerks of the Course, gave ample testimony of personal fortitude; in the preservation of order they displayed much spirit and strict impartiality. Oblique insinuations had been privately circulated that Vox Populi had been very indifferently trained, that he was unsound, and was defective at bottom; and these reports having had some weight with those not in the secret, betting was two to one Constitution against the

field, three and four to one Magistrate against Vox, and many bets were made of eight and ten to one, the latter was distanced the first heat. Great secrecy had been observed respecting the riders, till the moment of mounting, when the whisper immediately vibrated through the immense crowd, that "Constitution was rode by Old Attachment," "Magistrate by Secret Influence," and "Vox Populi, by Abraham Newland."

Upon coming up to the post, every mind seemed absorbed in a general consternation, a momentary silence of admiration prevailed, and in that moment they started in good stile, with every heart elate. Constitution gently taking the lead, kept it about a length and a half, but evidently not at his rate; Magistrate lay pretty well at him, but not at great ease; Vox Populi, who had stripped well, and was in much better condition than expected, displayed a strong and commanding stroke, but produced no present powers of speed; each keeping his ground exactly as described. The first heat terminated nearly as they started, Constitution winning the heat at a canter, without a warm hair; Magistrate within about four lengths a little blown; and Vox Populi (by a certain *finesse* in the rider) seeming with difficulty to save his distance. Those who had betted their money upon Magistrate, and relied firmly upon the well-known jockeyship of his rider, could not restrain their feelings upon the occasion, but displayed evident marks of exultation. "Vox Populi was not thorough bred"—"there was a cross in his blood,"—"he was already done over,"—"he had nearly knocked up,"—and there was "no doubt but he'd break down, if he ran another heat;" though it was supposed, "if his owner had any prudence, he'd be drawn." But to the surprise of the party, they all again came to the post, when a malicious sneer escaped from the rider of Magistrate, at Abraham Newland, who, however, received it with his usual placidity, and at this moment they started. Constitution knowing his own security (from having the foot) lay by, and Magistrate, willing to ascertain the utmost power of Vox, went off at speed, but finding Abraham always close at him, and that he had a strong pull in hand, and was better in wind, he slackened his stroke, and at a distance it was thought Magistrate was tiring a pace; this, however, was only a political deception in his rider, for upon Abraham's coming with the nose of Vox Populi upon Magistrate's flank, his rider crossed, evidently intending a jostle, and it being observed by the stewards, was deemed foul, and the heat left undecided. The third heat Constitution went off at score, and it being the determination of his rider to afford all possible sport to the spectators, Magistrate and Vox Populi had no alternative, but to lay as close at him, as their powers would permit.

In this heat there was remarkable fine running with the two last, in which great jockeyship was displayed, Constitution keeping the lead and winning easy; though its being decided a dead heat (as to the second) between the other two, they had to run a clear heat for the stakes. During the time allowed before starting, opinions ran high, great clamour ensued, and much money was sported; judgment was almsot suspended upon the ability of the riders, they knew

knew "Influence" was staunch, and little "Abraham" was not to be bribed; therefore each made his bets as prompted by fancy, the best judges (even the knowing ones) not knowing which was to prove the winner. Upon coming to the post, it being observed that Vox Populi was above himself, and that Magistrate seemed hollow in the flank, it was thought he was distressed in the last heat; in consequence the odds varied a little, and before they had run two miles, Vox took the lead a neck. Here Magistrate losing his temper made another effort at speed, but Vox Populi being better bred, better trained, and in more excellent condition than his opponent, beat him with ease near a distance. The rider, however, having made a complaint, that Newland did not bring his proper weight to the scales, it is expected to be laid before the Jockey Club, to be by them decided at their next October Meeting. T. W.

Elopement Extraordinary.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A Most extraordinary occurrence has lately happened to me. Returning home from 'Change the other day, I was informed by the servant that my wife (with whom for thirty years I had lived in the most *quiescent* state imaginable, except now and then being rather *ruffled* on *washing days*) had eloped. As my Deary was rather remarkably dressed, being in flaming yellow, with a pink parasol, I easily traced her, knowing her volubility, to the *Magpies* on Hounslow Heath, where I was told that she and a rough-headed *Puppy* had drank tea. Pursuing my route, I heard at Maidenhead they had *slept in the same room.* Fired with indignation, I traced them to Newbury, where I heard, and which I firmly believed, that she *had combed her companion's head.* At Marlborough, the waiter said, the lady and her associate were certainly very intimately connected, as they quarrelled incessantly. You may conceive my sensation on hearing this intelligence, but you cannot conceive my surprise, when having followed them to Bath, I rushed into the room, and found that my wife had travelled post to afford her *lap-dog the benefit of the waters.* Your's,

JEREMIAH HENPECK.

Striking Resemblance between Dealing in Slaves, and Dealing in Horses,

Related by Monsieur Degrandpré, an Officer in the French Marine, in his Voyage to Africa.

"A Black merchant had a slave, whose teeth were good, and whose figure was passable, but who was so old that no person would have chosen to purchase him. The owner caused his head and chin to be closely shaved, and rubbed him all over with gunpowder, so that he appeared a good shining black, and the most clear-sighted trader might have been deceived. I was taken in, and bought him without suspicion; but in two days, the white beard and hair made their appearance.

It was a lesson to me, and I never afterwards neglected to have the heads washed with warm water, when there was the smallest reason for suspecting the age. As soon as a slave is offered for sale to a captain, the surgeon, in his presence, enters on an examination; and no jockey more closely scrutinizes a horse."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

Election Anecdote.

An old man from the western part of Kent, having a blue cockade, going to Maidstone, during the late election, on an ass, which was dressed with orange ribbons, was overtaken by a gentleman, who thus accosted him—"Well, old gentleman, where are you going?"—"Why, to the Heath, to vote for Knights of the Shire—I am an Independent Freeholder," was his reply. "And who shall you vote for?" "Why, Honeywood, to be sure." "And how does your ass vote? "As other asses do."—The gentleman wore the orange.

A corporal, who was some time since condemned to death in Dublin, finding he was to be executed on a Friday, wrote to his wife on the Thursday preceding, to inform her of his unfortunate situation. Being aware that the letter would not reach her till the Saturday, he determined to inform her of the fact itself, and wrote thus:—"My dear Wife, I hope this will find you in good health, *as I am at present*. I have to inform you, that *I was hanged yesterday at half-past eleven*—I had, thank God, *an easy death*—and had the pleasure of seeing every body weep on my account. Remember me, and take care of *my* poor Children, who have *no longer a Father*. Your affectionate husband, *until Death!*"

Tart Reply.—In the early part of Mr. Fox's political career, when he shone as a Meteor in the regions of *Fashion*, and was involved in its *vortex*, he told a low fellow whose insolence had provoked him, that he would "kick him to hell." The reply was, "then if you do, I'll tell your father how you are spending his money!"

A fashionable party who hired an interpreter to go with them to Paris, when they arrived at Calais, found themselves completely taken in. The fellow was a *Dutchman*, and wanted his passage, and the Englishmen were actually obliged to become *his* Interpreters, at the *British* Hotel.

It was lately observed, that the Septennial Plates for the County of Suffolk, afforded no sport; for the first, Lord Brome *swept* all before him; and for the second, Sir Charles Bunbury *walked* over the Course.

An officer of excise lately attending a trial in the Court of Exchequer, in London, received instructions at the Board to take care of himself, and engage an inside place to convey him safe to Cirencester, but the *son of a graduated cane* taking too much of the *good creature*, got into the Birmingham coach by mistake, and reached the residence of the children of industry before he discovered his error.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Shooting Match at High-bury-Barn.

On Monday afternoon, July 26, a number of gentlemen met in a field near the above place, to shoot at a mark at fifty yards distance, for a handsome shooting chaise, valued at fifty-two guineas. The limitations were, that the number of members should be one hundred and five; each gun should not exceed three feet in the barrel, and the shot, No. 4, Patent. Every member to pay ten shillings and sixpence for the privilege of shooting; the size of the card was five inches by three. The firing commenced about one o'clock; several capital shots were thrown in, but the best was by a gentleman of the name of Brown, who threw in no less than eight. Not more than thirty members attended, in consequence of which, the ultimate decision of the business was deferred till Monday next

On the same day was decided, a grand match at Pigeon Shooting, between a Mr. Collison, of Mary-bone, and a Mr. Collet, of the Borough, for fifty guineas, to shoot at twenty-one pigeons each, to be let out of a trap, at the distance of twenty-one yards. So sanguine of success were the friends of Collison, that they offered seven to four, but when on the ground, not a bet was offered. After the third shot, six to four were offered, on the part of Collet. A better match has not been shot for some years; it was, however, decided in favour of Mr. Collet, who killed eighteen birds following. Collison having missed four, consequently lost the match. Mr. Collet is now esteemed the first and most steady shot in this kingdom: he offered to shoot again with Mr. Collison, Mr. Moreton, or any other man in London, for any given sum, at the same distance, and at an equal number of birds.

Dogget's Annual Coat and Badge—was rowed for on Monday, August 2, the distance was from London-bridge to the Swan public-house, at Chelsea; to be determined by one heat. At a quarter before six o'clock the six boats started. From London-bridge to Blackfriars, the red, the green, and the blue, were on the larboard of each other.—When they got half-way to Westminster, the red, Butcher, shot a-head. The green, Williams, from Limhouse Hole, was the second; and F. Jones, the blue, was upon the keel of the latter.—But little way was made by either, until they got opposite Pedlar's Acre, at Lambeth, when some fouling took place between Jones and Butcher, which gave Williams, the green, (who was at that time on the starboard of both) an opportunity to get a-head, and he continued first all the way to Chelsea; when he came in, Jones

was

was about thirty boats lengths astern. The other three boats gave up the contest at Blackfriars-bridge; the nearest boat being about one hundred yards behind. —The wager was decided in an hour and ten minutes. Three prizes were given—first, the coat and badge; second, five guineas; and third, three guineas. Five of the watermen were from below-bride. The sixth was from Thames-street. The winner of the first prize is a young man, about twenty-one years of age, middle-sized, and slight made; but, upon stripping, shews much muscle.

A vast number of spectators were present on the banks of the river, particularly at Chelsea, to see the boats come in. The river was covered with pleasure-boats, cutters, funnies, &c. many decorated with flags and streamers. The Duke of Manchester was, as usual, present in his four-oared funny; he took the labouring oar the whole distance from London-bridge to Chelsea. His Grace has now established his fame, from the long spell he then had; the sons of Neptune allow him to be the first amateur in England.

Lately was played, a match at Nur and Spell, for one hundred guineas, on Bolomoor, about four miles from Sheffield, betwixt a person of the name of Bankcroft, of Stonington, and another of the name of Woollin, of Sheffield Park, which was won by the former by twenty-three score, he striking one stroke with another, not less than eleven score, Woollin scarcely striking more than ten. There were some thousands of persons who attended, and many hundreds of pounds won and lost.

Quoits.—Two gentlemen, adepts at this game, exercised their skill in competition with each other, a few days since at Northdown, in the Isle of Thanet; when one of them, at the distance of fifteen yards, pitched his quoit upon the needle so as to hang by its centre; which put an end to the game. It is said the odds are more than one thousand to one against a similar pitch.

Canterbury, August 20.—On Wednesday morning a desperate boxing match was decided at Petham, between William Pybus, a young man of twenty-two years old, and Paul Brooker, an old man of sixty years; and after very hard bruising for twenty minutes, Brooker gave in.—The battle was for ten guineas.

Cambridge, August 18.— A match for fifty guineas was last week run from Skegness to Saltfleet, a distance of twenty-five miles, and the whole a heavy sand, between a horse belonging to Mr. Brown, of Ledborough, and a mare of Mr. Grant, of Whyham, and won by the former, which performed the journey in one hour and eighteen minutes.

Abdalla, a remarkable fine and powerful horse, belonging to a gentleman in Calcutta, and who had scarcely his match in India, was treacherously poisoned, and died some time since; nor have the perpetrators of this wanton act of cruelty ever been discovered, though considerable rewards have been offered for their detection.

On Tuesday, August 3, about half past one o'clock, opposite the Swan, at Bayswater, the most shocking cruelty was exercised on a post-horse returning in a chaise to town, which, with not a dry hair upon it, and quite worn out with fatigue, sunk down in the road. The driver, with excessive whipping, got him up, but he almost immediately sunk again, when the driver

got

got a man with a thick stick to assist in the cruelty, by knocking the poor animal across the legs, till they got him on.

A most unparalleled act of cruelty was perpetrated lately in Burntsfield Links, near Edinburgh. Two carters most barbarously seized a mare that was grazing, tied a rope round her neck, and twisted it with racking sticks until they literally strangled the poor animal. They have since been detected, and have paid sixteen guineas as the value of the mare; but surely mere retribution is not adequate for an offence so very barbarous. The Magistrates ought to discharge their duty by the punishment of these scoundrels.

Robert Latouche, and John Latouche, two new Members of the House of Commons, and the Hon. John Leeson, modestly and consistently advertise in the Dublin Evening Post, that the Archbishop of Dublin, having appointed them his gamekeepers, to preserve the game on certain mountains, they have laid poison on the same, and will prosecute any person or persons trespassing thereon.

A gentleman advertising in a Scotch newspaper, warns all persons from shooting on his estate, observing that he finds himself under the necessity, this season, of giving his game a jubilee.

Large parties of sportsmen, assembled at York this season, and thence set out to take the field against the moor-game. The shew of pointers larger than was ever known. A number of black setters have been exhibited, for which large prices have been demanded.

On the 6th of July, a wolf, that exhibited symptoms of madness came to the village of Marchias, near Chattillon-Sur-Sevres, in France. A farmer, of the name of Cousin, and his servant, pursued the furious animal and killed it, by running a pitch fork down its throat.

A male tiger, which broke loose lately, in Essex, has been killed, but not until he dreadfully mangled a child, and killed a number of sheep. He was so gorged with his prey, that he was overcome with little difficulty, in a sheep-fold, near the place of his escape.

A few days since a spaniel bitch, the property of Mr. John Tutty, of Watlington, produced the very unusual number of fifteen puppies, all alive and in a healthy state.

Archery.—The Silver Arrow given by the town of Edinburgh, was shot for by the Royal Company of Archers on Monday, the 5th ult. and won by Mr. Charles Cunningham.

The Toxopholite Society met at their ground behind Gower-street, Bedford-square, on Monday, the 9th instant, but the heat of the weather prevented any considerable exertion before dinner; but towards evening, the contest was strenuously disputed; after which, Mr. Cazalet, as Captain of the preceding year, being in the chair, announced that the honours of the day had fallen on

Mr. Shephard, as Captain of the Target.

Mr. Mason, as Lieutenant of ditto.

Mr. Crunden, as Captain of Numbers.

Mr. Shephard, as Lieutenant of ditto.

At a recent Cricket Match at Ripley Green, Lord Frederick Beauclerk got seventy-four notches off his own bat His Lordship is supposed to be the best player in England, whether considered as a batter, a bowler, or a seek-out.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

At the York Assizes, an action was tried for a Breach of Promise of Marriage. The plaintiff, whose name was Storey, was maid-servant in the house of a Mr. Stockdale, at Knaresborough. The defendant was an ostler, named Eagle, and had been, as appeared by the evidence, in the habit of visiting her for two years. Whenever the *washing* day came on, he used regularly to repair to the house of Mr. Stockdale, and make love to this fair nymph of the suds, over her washing tub. She rejected his suit with scorn for a considerable time, but at last she consented, and the day was fixed for the marriage; but the unfortunate hero of the stables had also promised marriage to a girl at Harrowgate, who threatened him with a prosecution, if he broke his word; and before the time of his celebrating the intended nuptials with the plaintiff, he went and married " this d—d Harrowgate girl," as he called her.—The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages Fifty Pounds.

After the Trial, Eagle is supposed to utter the following, called

THE OSTLER's COMPLAINT.

RECITATIVE.

IN Knaresbro' town an Ostler nam'd Bob Eagle,
Contriv'd, by words of promise, to inveigle
A beauteous maid call'd Mary, *alias* Molly,
Smart, active, lively, buxom, young, and jolly;
Who first ensnared poor Bob by manners winning,
In washing shirts and getting up small linen;
A sixpence, broke between them in a grove,
Was fairly halv'd in pledge of mutual love;
But proving false (take heed ye faithless Ninnies)
Bob was adjudg'd to pay Moll fifty guineas!
The perjur'd swain, as fast as he was able,
Unhappy, sought the shelter of his stable,
Where, 'mid the rustling litter stretch'd along,
He clear'd his voice, and thus began his song:—

AIR.

Singing, 'tis said, for grief a cure is;
But naught can comfort me, good lack!
Except to *halter* cruel Juries,
And *curry-comb* the Judge's back.

Foremost once in ev'ry gay band,
Bob frisk'd as lively as a *colt*;
But now a *noose* of twisted *bay-band*
Thy neck deserves, thou stupid dolt!

Oh, Molly, when I saw thee *washing*,
First *rub* and *squeeze*, then *squeeze* and *rub*;
And 'mid the snowy soap-suds splashing,
I thought thee *Venus of the tub*.

To leave thee, Moll, to pine and languish,
I own deserv'd an oaken *towel*;
But *lawyer's costs*, inflict more anguish,
Than either *whip*, *spur*, *curb*, or *rowel*.
Pierc'd to the heart, poor Robert 'gan to weep,
He gap'd, he rubb'd his eyes, and then fell fast asleep!

M.

PUSSY's

PUSSY's ADDRESS TO MADAME GARNERIN,

In consequence of being let down in a Parachute, near Milbank.

HOW could thine unrelenting hand,
Cruel, yet beauteous Fair,
At Garnerin's austere command,
Expose poor Puss in air!

I that have purr'd beneath thy touch,
Each lovely limb danc'd o'er,
Have wanton'd on the swelling couch,
And frisk'd behind the door,

And when thou'st held the milky cup,
Have plung'd my whisker'd lip;
Have lapp'd an' lapp'd, and lapp'd it up,
As bees sweet nectar sip.

Did'st thou not hear my piteous cries,
(My heart within me shrank)
When, darting from the azure skies,
I landed at Milbank?

Bull-dogs and terriers flock'd around,
E'en puppies join'd the row;
My coat was torn with many a wound,
And still I cried "Miau, miau,"

At length a Butcher stepping in,
Dispell'd my fear and frights;
So good bye, Madame Garnerin,
Instead of *air* I've *lights*.

GRIMALKIN.

MODERN SONNET,

TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL thou! who liest so snug in this old box!
With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine!
O, 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine!

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days!
Well curled and powdered, once it was thy lot,
To frequent balls and masquerades, and plays,
And panoramas, and the Lord knows what!

O thou hast heard e'en Madame Mara sing,
And oft-times visited my Lord Mayor's treat;
And once, at Court, was noticed by the King,
Thy form was so commodious, and so neat!—

Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom,
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
Then slyly hides thee, in this lumber-room!

Such is the fate of *Wigs*! and *Mortals* too!
After a few more years than thine are past,
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Must all be shut up in a box at last!

Vain man! to talk so loud, and look so big!
How small's the difference 'twixt thee and a wig!
How small indeed! for speak the truth I must,
Wigs turn to *dusters*, and *man* turns to *dust*.

L. P.

EPITAPHS,

ON SPORTING JOCKIES.

TO Turf he bore such constant love—
Oh, read it not with wonder!—
That all his life he *lied above*,
And now, he's dead, *lies under*.

ECLIPSE.

ON A JOCKEY AT NEWMARKET.

Beneath the green sod, in this sport-loving place,
A Jockey lies snug who has run a good race;
Till his wind being gone, and by death being crost,
At last he's come in the wrong side of the post.

CHIFFNEY.

In one of Burns' Convivial Meetings, at a favourite Public House in Mauchline, where the landlord, John Dow, who was called "a wet dog," was one of the party, he was requested to write the Landlord's Epitaph; when Burns wrote *extempore* upon a pane of glass the following:—

Here lies Johnny Pigeon, who for his religion,
If ony ane wants for to ken,
They maun follow the Carle to the ither warl',
For here Johnny Pigeon had nane.

Sma'-beer, persecution, strong ale, absolution,
A dram was his memento mori;
A full-flowing bowl, the delight of his soul,
And Port his celestial glory.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

TO THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Written by Mr. Colman, and spoken by Mr. C. Kemble.

TO strike the mind the scenic muse essays,
And levels her attacks a thousand ways—
Suspense, surprise, sad dirges, thrilling airs,
Diction that glitters, pageantry that glares;
These are the Muse's feather'd shafts, she flings,
To tickle judgment, with the arrow's wings;
But when the *Voice of Nature* prompts her art,
She points the barb, and penetrates the heart.

These truths from Heavenly Nature Shakespeare knew;
She spoke; he echoed; she design'd; he drew.
Born in *her* school, bright genius, from the bowers
Of fancy, wreathed his cradle round with flowers.
Now nature's pupil fled by nature's doom,
Leaves taste to scatter laurel on his tomb.

Since, then, our Drama's Sun can cheer us yet
With beams of glory from his golden set,
May not a lowly bard still catch a ray
To light his feeble steps through Nature's way?
May not a lowly bard adopt a tale,
With truth and feeling fraught, tho' genius fail,
And make the *Voice of Nature* still prevail?
Where, where is nature with more force exprest,
Than in the fond babe-plunder'd mother's breast?
Where is a breast more dead to nature prov'd
Than his who sees that mother's pangs unmov'd?

That cause assails the human art by storm
Which pleads the ties of all in human form:
The grief-wrung female, for her infant wild,
Harrows each parent, and affects each child.
Beneath your roofs her pictur'd anguish glides,
And brings the interest to your own fire-sides.

Britons, to whom (though adamant in arms)
Domestic duties yield peculiar charms;
Who, were those duties with less ardour known,
Might learn a sweet example from the throne,
Give your applause to-night; at least be mild,
A play, remember, is a Poet's child.

SONGS, &c.

FROM THE SIXTY-THIRD LETTER, A MUSICAL FARCE.

AIR.—*Patty.*

HARRY came to me last week,
And I bade the rogue begone;
With his lips he touch'd my cheek—
"For," said he, "I owe you one."

Then he call'd me love, and dear,
And my shoulder lean'd upon;
With a box, tho', in the ear,
"Sir," cried I, "I pay you one."

Acting then the lover's part,
How the fellow's tongue ran on—
Swearing he had lost his heart,
And of course I ow'd him one.

Then he paid me double price,
For no bounds his raptures knew—
Kissing once, and kissing twice,
"Oh," said he, "I owe you two."

SONG.—*Patrick Casey.*

The face of brave Captain Megan,
Was as broad as a big frying-pan;
Just over his snout,
One eye was snuff'd out,
But the other burn bright upon Nan,
Sweet Nan!
Oh, it bother'd the heart of poor Nan!

"I'm no beauty," sigh'd Captain Megan,
But 'tis manners, alone, make the man,
And tho' my long nose
Shou'd hang over my toes,
Wou'd you like me the worse for it, Nan?
Sweet Nan?
Wou'd you, &c.

Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan,
His skin was the colour of tan;
But the Captain she saw,
Had a *Je ne se quoi*,
So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan,
Sweet Nan,
Oh, long life to brave Captain Megan!

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE ANGLER.

WHEN sable night retires, and cheerful morn,
From tow'ring steeps pours on th' extended
Landscape her renovating streams; rous'd by
The "cock's shrill clarion," from th' adjacent
Farm the Angler hastens to the neighb'ring
Pool, with tap'ring rod, and lines of various
Strength, and all his numerous baits, o'ernight
Prepar'd, delusive, beneath the covert
Of an aged elm, whose drooping boughs sport
In the limpid wave, close by the irriguous
Verge he takes his stand, and views with eager
Hope the nodding cork, or sinking float. Oft now
The daring perch assails the harmless worm,
And with repeated nibbles the fisherman
Deceives. The sturdy carp, perchance the latent
Barb may seize. Then, fierce with headstrong rage, he
Strikes across the reedy pool, lashing with
His tail, the foaming element. With all
His skill the Angler plies the limber rod,
Intent to gain the contest. At length he
Proves victorious, and to the shelving
Brink with joyous hand, he hauls his scaly prize.
Then into the pool he throws again the
Lengthen'd line, fresh-baited; till on the grassy
Bank the speck'led fry, of various kinds,
Glisten innum'rous in the morning sun.
But now, the sport, tho' pleasant for a while,
Begins to tire; and having plac'd within
His meshy net, with grass inlaid the finny
Heap, he o'er the verdant lawns, and furrow'd
Fields, now homeward bends his lonely way.

Hampstead, May 11.

ON THE NEW FEMALE FASHION

Of wearing pendant from the fair Neck, by way of Locket,

A SMALL WATCH.

WHY, muslin'd Nymphs! incontinently shew
Bosoms as white, though not as cold, as snow;
Then to affix a limit to our sight,
Forming ideas of *unknown* delight,
And to forbid the roving eye to stray
Beyond the region of "*the Milky Way*;"
Or, as at Sales by Candle merchants sell
Goods for dispatch, as daily legends tell,
"Agoing! going!" roguish Cupid cries,
"What tempting hemispheres! what shape! what eyes!
Come, crops! be quick!—Why happiness delay;
Let Love and Hymen crown the Ides of May."

Or be it plac'd that ye may plainly see
How fast, or slow, th' imperious moments flee;
That ye may regulate by wisdom's rules
Your steps, as taught in earlier ages' schools;
Shut then from eyes prophane Love's mystery,
And let pure virtue be the lock and key;
No longer put (for once let sense prevail)
"The little hills of Hermon" up to sale.

AN AMATEUR.

EPITAPH ON THE INCOME TAX.

HERE lieth one, who, through his life's whole date,
Experienc'd Britain's unrelenting hate;
And now, that happily he is dead and gone,
Where is the man that will his fate bemoan?
Yet Britain's sons, by generous nature led,
Like the brave Lion, war not with the dead;
Each spark of life extinct by his decease,
We pray, that "He may ever rest in peace."

IMPROMPTU.

IN an error* so light, and so much the fashion,
In a nation where play seems the principal passion,
In a country so free, 'tis frightful to feel
How many good subjects were broke on the wheel†.

* Gambling.

† The late drawing of the lottery.